Week ending March 19 1949

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by WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

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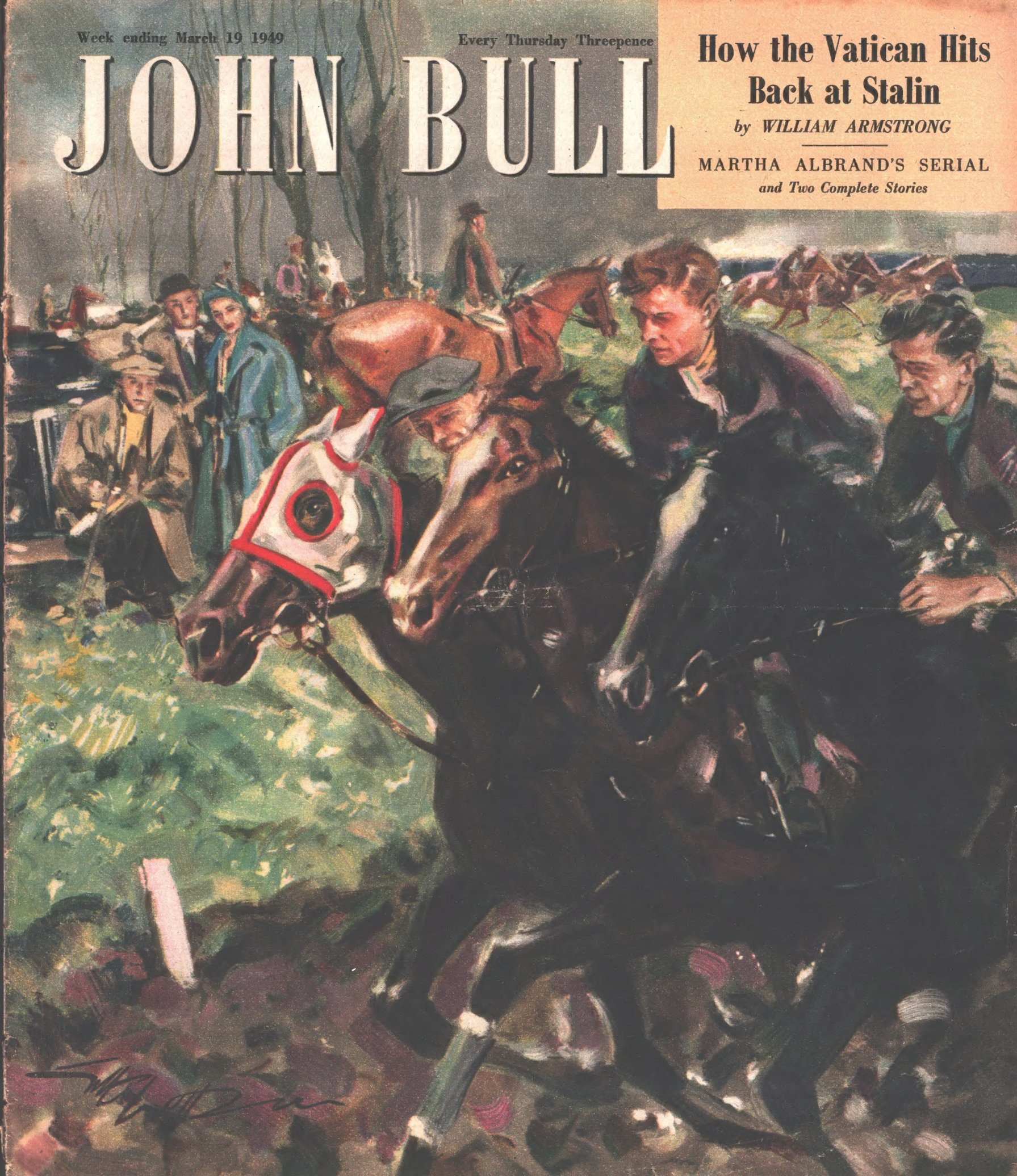

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BRITISH ELECTRICITY

March, 1949

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P.47

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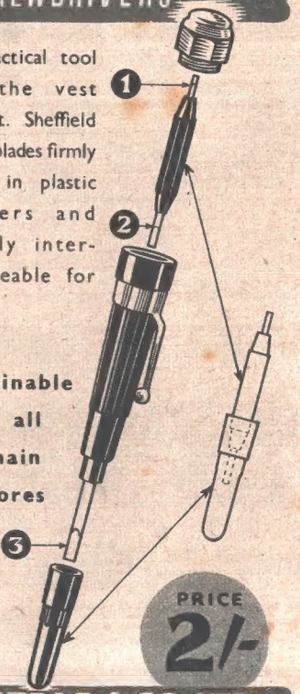

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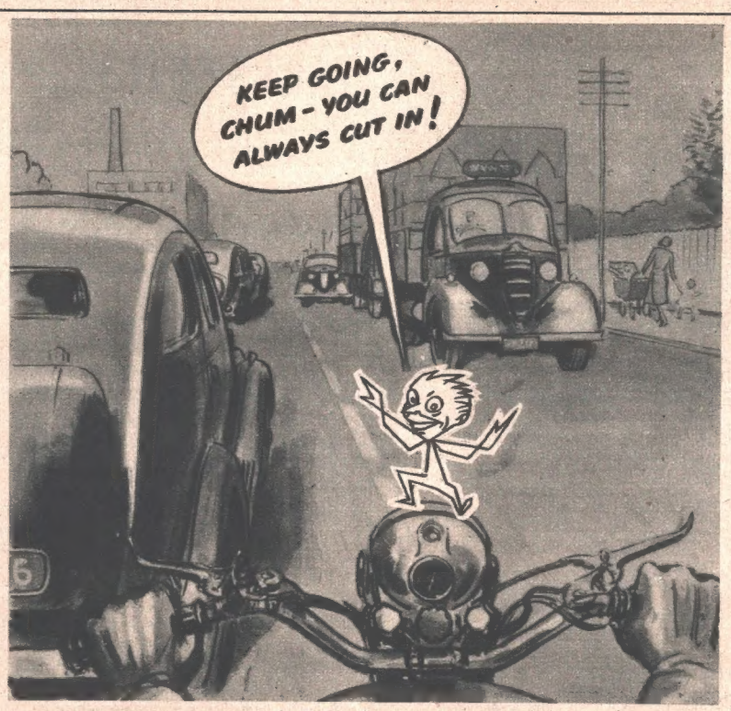

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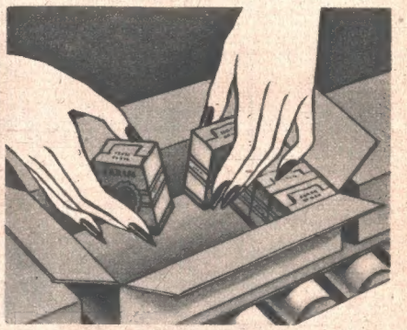

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EDITORIAL

"RESTRICTIVE PRACTICES" HAVE GOT TO BE STOPPED

YOU STILL SEE, on beaches and hillsides, tangles of barbed wire, lumps of concrete, and crumbling entrenchments—ugly and often dangerous relics of the days when we fought for our lives, and when every possible obstacle had to be erected in the path of a powerful enemy.

It is much the same in the trade unions. Although they have won their greatest battles against cruel exploitation of the workers, the labour landscape is still cluttered up with the remains of their old defences, no longer needed, but difficult to clear away.

Those defences are called "restrictive practices." They were once essential safeguards against greedy and heartless employers. Now they act as brakes on production, either directly or because they discourage men from working harder to better themselves.

With a Labour Government in office, restrictive practices are often made the subject of political propaganda. So it is sometimes difficult to get a clear idea of their importance.

George Woodcock, assistant general secretary of the T.U.C., says: "Lay the restrictive practices of the whole of the British trade unions side by side, and I doubt if they would fill one ten-thousandth part of the gap between imports and exports."

But Sir Stafford Cripps, who is organizing the nation's economic recovery, says: "All old-fashioned rules and regulations which hamper higher efficiency must go."

And from prominent industrialists come many complaints that they could increase output if only the workers would abandon restrictive practices. However, such complaints come with an ill-grace from the people who originally forced their workers to resort to these very practices!

ON balance, when you survey industrial Britain. impartially, it appears that Mr. Woodcock is too optimistic in dismissing the evils of restrictive practices so lightly; that most employers make far too much of them; and that Sir Stafford takes the sanest view when he urges the workers to get rid at least of those devices and restrictions which are obviously out of tune with the needs of today.

There are three main kinds of restrictive practice.

One sort has the force of law—it is written by agreement into contracts between workers and employers. (Arrangements to ban overtime are typical.)

A second sort of restriction is enforced by custom and tradition, rather than by any written rule. Many little details of the day's routine in old industries like mining are laid down in this way.

The third sort of restriction is unacknowledged, but consists of such practices as ca' canny working and deliberate unpunctuality.

The motives behind all these kinds of restrictions are the same—desire to make a job last as long as possible in case of unemployment when it is over, and fear of increasing the labour force so as to make it easier for employers to drive hard bargains over wages and conditions.

This country is crying for more miners, yet some miners' lodges still forbid the introduction of trained Poles.

And opposition by men to "dilution" of their trades by women workers, as well as to "equal pay for equal work," has often—in spite of appeals by Ministers, unions and employers — delayed attempts to strengthen an industry's productive power.

SOME restrictive practices, it must be admitted, destroy the incentives of ambition and the urge to work up to higher income levels.

Such are the maintenance of traditional wage differences between the various crafts in a trade, insistence on promotion by seniority, and, of course, rules against overtime and shift working. Then, some unions object to the introduction of labour-saving machinery and keep members strictly to their own tasks.

Flexibility of factory routine is spoilt when men may not be switched from one task to another, or skilled men be temporarily used for unskilled work. Another evil is employment of "redundants" (unnecessary men) by union order. This is common in the dock gangs.

It often seems, to a non-unionist, monstrous that a man should be forbidden to work as long as he likes. But then non-unionists have no memory of the bitter past fights to consolidate trade union defences.

All these practices had a legitimate origin in the former urgent need of workers to make as many jobs as possible last as long as possible. But they are no longer right or defensible.

The T.U.C. has said that what are "safeguards in a depression" cannot be kept up today. But it has not given any bold lead to the individual unions. It should press for speedier and more drastic action to determine the extent of restrictive practices in each field—and find a cure for them.

During the war the trade unions agreed to waive many of their protective rules, and this agreement has been prolonged until next December.

But until workers as a whole are brought to realize that they no longer need weapons which merely hamper production, the evils done to our recovery by other restrictive practices will go on.

John Bull 186 High Holborn London W.C.1
MARCH 19, 1949 VOLUME 85 NUMBER 2229 Phone: TEMple Bar 2468 Grams: Heroically, Westcent, London

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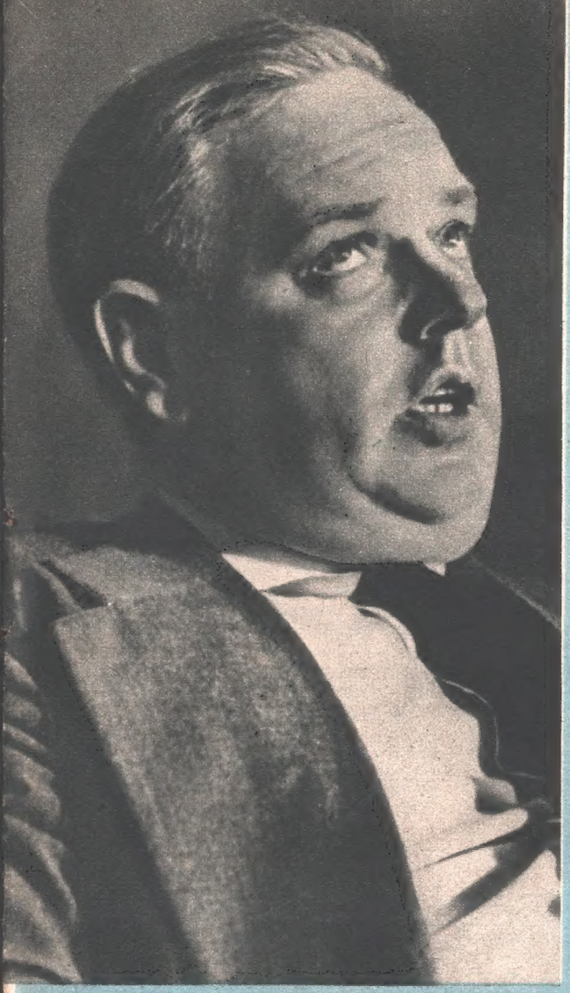


CHAMBERS, the Communist who recanted

COLD WAR IN THE COURTROOM

by EDMUND ANTROBUS

Have any U.S. high-ups really acted as undercover men for Moscow? The strange case of the microfilm hidden in the pumpkin has made Americans eye even their staidest neighbours with suspicion

HISS, former Roosevelt aide facing trial

NEW YORK.

TO A HARD-BITTEN COMMUNIST from the Greek mountains, a legal argument between a £6,000-a-year journalist and the £5,000-a-year executive of a philanthropic organization, based on whether or not one of them was a dues-paying Communist Party member in 1937, might have the air of a doubtful farce.

Yet the protagonists in this play, now due to reach its climax in the court-room, are as colourful as anything that has come out of America's past: forty-three year old Whittaker Chambers, until recently senior editor of *Time* magazine, and Alger Hiss, the much-respected president of the £2,500,000 Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

It all started last summer.

A group of ex-Communists, among them Whittaker Chambers, paunchy, intellectual, appeared voluntarily before the witch-hunting Un-American Activities Committee to inform on former colleagues in the party who were associated with members of the Government or who were actually in Government service. According to his testimony, Whittaker Chambers had been a party member for thirteen years (1924-1937), and a strong anti-Communist since 1939.

Two years after his break with the party he had joined the editorial staff of *Time*.

As a member of the party, he told the committee, he was a courier between party headquarters in New York City and a group of Communists in Washington who occupied strategic positions in the Government. One of them, he said, was Alger Hiss.

This name may mean nothing to a British reader, but to thousands of Americans Chambers could hardly have made a more sensational revelation if he had said that the Pope was a Communist.

Harvard-trained Alger Hiss was one of the New Deal's rising young stars. An adviser to Franklin Roosevelt at Yalta, Secretary of the Dumbarton Oaks and San Francisco Conferences, forty-three year old Hiss had, until 1946, been one of the State Department's (Foreign Office) most trusted men. As a token of his splendid service in politics he had been given the Presidency of the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace.

Smear Campaign

This was a tremendous pre-election coup for the politics-ridden Un-American Activities Committee. Avidly Republican, the committee hoped to discredit the Democrats by implying that, with its employment of such people as Hiss, the administration had allowed itself to become riddled with Communism.

Truman promptly said the case was a red herring designed to draw public attention from the issues of his election campaign. (The committee's sensational revelations monopolized the headlines for weeks.) Hiss himself, with cold contempt and unshakable insistence, declared that he had never seen Chambers in his life, that he had never been a Communist, and that he questioned Chambers's sanity.

After the two men had actually been brought together in the excited, jam-packed, camera-lined caucus room, Hiss said that he did recognize Chambers, but continued calmly that he had known him as a sponging freelance writer named "George Crossly," who had come to him for help in connection with an article he was writing about the Nye Committee on which Hiss was serving at the time.

The man's appearance, Hiss explained, had changed considerably during the intervening years.

The case was practically dropped. Though scores of witnesses were questioned, and though the case temporarily pushed the cold war out of the headlines—together with Truman's campaign and Rita Hayworth's attachment to the Aly Khan—there wasn't enough evidence to tell whether it was Hiss or Chambers who was lying.

But handsome, impeccable Alger Hiss didn't drop the case. He dared Chambers to make his accusation outside the immunity of the committee's hearing, threatening him with the penalty of a £15,000 libel suit.

Everyone cheered Hiss at this point. Aside from the seeming victory of a man whose character had been incredibly blackened, it also seemed as if the witch-hunting Un-American Activities Committee, which depended on this case for its perpetuation by the liberal 81st Congress, was done for, discredited. And it might have been, had it not been for Chambers's next move.

Down to the Farm

Accepting Hiss's challenge, he rushed down to his farm in Maryland and produced *out of a pumpkin*, in the sight of two investigators, sufficient and shocking evidence to cause a Federal Grand Jury to place an indictment against Hiss for perjury.

What had happened? What had utterly compromised Hiss, himself a lawyer and perhaps a more skilful one than any on the Un-American Activities Committee staff?

With the telling of his life story, Chambers threw a little light on the tangled web of lies, perjury, professional ruin and libel of which the highly complex case so far seemed to have been composed.

Story of Our Times

His account of why he joined the Communist Party and how, as an undercover functionary for the party, he met Hiss (*he claims*) is in one respect the story of our times: it is packed with the ominous-sounding fury of modern history, treason, espionage and insanity.

Most of Chambers's confessions and brilliant self-analysis seemed to go over the heads of the committee members. Notoriously unsubtle men in their lack of power to grasp the modern philosophical conflicts of society, their ears seemed tuned only for snatches of evidence that would discredit the Democratic administration which Hiss had served.

On the other hand, Chambers, a dreamy, sad-voiced man, with an above average grasp of affairs, was attempting to impress on them the fact that native American radical movements, like the revolutionary movement of tsarist Russia, draw their most effective members from middle-class circles from which he and, he says, Hiss come.

Chambers, who seems to have a monomaniacal anti-Communist obsession as a result of his estrangement from the party, considers it is his patriotic duty to make his sensational exposé. Both in his early adherence to Communism and his subsequent, even more passionate

Hollowed out pumpkin that yielded a microfilm and caused a rumpus

rejection of it, he *is* typical of a certain class of intellectual Americans of his particular era.

Born in 1901, in Philadelphia, he was the son of a moderately unsuccessful commercial artist. Apparently a questing, introspective boy, Whittaker read Dostoevsky's *Crime and Punishment* at eleven and took long, solitary walks through the woods near his home.

He went to Columbia University for two years and was asked to resign after shocking his teachers and fellow students with a so-called "Profanist" issue of the university magazine, in which he wrote a story dealing "objectionably," they said, with the Resurrection. Leaving college he went to Germany and found it in the throes of bankruptcy and moral collapse that followed the first World War.

Joined Communist Party

But it seemed to him, returning to the America of the jazz and bootleg gin age, that his own country was in poor spiritual repair. Intellectually and morally frustrated, and seeking a creed which would give him a sense of fraternity, he joined the Communist Party.

He told the Un-American Activities Committee that bitter young intellectuals like himself felt "a great intellectual concern — for the under-privileged, for economic crises, the problem of war." He went on, "They say, 'What shall I do?' At that crossroad, the evil thing, Communism, lies in wait with a simple answer."

He served the party as a fiery, passionate writer, first on the *Daily Worker*, the official newspaper, then on the *New Masses*, the intellectual organ. Moscow cited him as "the first writer to introduce the Bolshevik into American writing."

In 1932 he became a secret agent for the party, so expert in this rôle that several of his colleagues thought he was a Russian. Out of this assignment, he claimed, he met Alger Hiss.

"I am very fond of Mr. Hiss," he told the committee. "He is perhaps my closest friend—certainly the closest friend I had in the Communist Party."

He went on to say that after Stalin's bloody purges in the thirties he had lost faith and had urged his friend Hiss to break away with him. "I went to Mr. Hiss's home one evening at what I considered considerable risk to myself, and found Mrs. Hiss at home. Mrs. Hiss, also a Communist, attempted while I was there to make a call, which I can only presume was to another Communist. But I quickly went to the telephone and she hung up. Mr. Hiss came in shortly afterwards . . . and I tried to break him away from the party, but he absolutely refused. He cried when we separated."

His revelations of how he lived as a fugitive after his break from the Communist Party could form the basis of a Hollywood script, if the producers decide to follow up such successful anti-Communist films as *The Iron Curtain* with a dramatization of his life story.

"For years," Chambers said, "I lived in hiding, sleeping by day and watching through the night, with a gun or revolver within easy reach."

But he wasn't, apparently, attacked. In 1939, he said, he took his story about Hiss to Adolf Berle, then Assistant Secretary of State, but nothing came of it. In 1943 he told the F.B.I.

But still nothing came of his revelations until he approached, or was approached by, the Un-American Activities Committee last summer. And, as stated, his position seemed ridiculous and fraudulent until he answered Hiss's recent challenge. Then, on his trip to Maryland, he removed the top of a hollowed-out pumpkin lying with apparent innocence in his vegetable garden and from it took a roll of microfilm. On the film was pictured military and economic information about the U.S. which he claims was given to him for delivery to the Soviet Union.

He stated that Hiss took secret State Department documents home in 1937 and 1938 and that, in some cases, Mrs. Hiss copied or made a précis of these. In other cases, Chambers said, the documents were photostated by Communist technicians.

When Chambers was asked why he hadn't come forward with this evidence before, he said he had been reluctant to "inform" and "destroy" the lives of former friends.

"Their faces come before you, and the faces of their wives and children. . . . I don't hate Mr. Hiss," Chambers had answered in reply to an earlier question. "We were caught in the tragedy of history. Mr. Hiss represents the concealed enemy against whom we are fighting and I am fighting. I testify against him with remorse and pity. But in a moment of historic jeopardy in which this nation now stands, so help me God, I could not do otherwise."

Kidnapping Fear

Chambers testified that the microfilms, which he had recently transferred to the pumpkin as a temporary hiding place from marauding Communists, never reached Russian agents because he held them back during the period of about a year when he was summoning up courage to break with the party.

His nephew told the committee that Chambers kept them to use in bargaining in case he or any of his family were kidnapped by Communists.

Hiss has not been indicted for espionage because more than three years have passed since the time when the documents were supposed to have been taken out of the Government files and given to Chambers. He is protected here by the Statute of Limitations.

He has been indicted for perjury because he said under oath that he had not seen Chambers at any time after January 1, 1937, and that neither he nor Mrs. Hiss turned over Government documents to Chambers or any other unauthorized person.

This indictment does not mean that he is guilty or has been convicted of anything. It is simply a formal charge by grand jury requiring him to stand trial in a federal court.

Has Hiss been the victim of monstrous slander, consciously designed to blacken his personal reputation and his work, which involves such Rooseveltian diplomacy as the Yalta Agreement, the China policy and the Atlantic Charter (all of which Hiss helped to author)?

Or has he, as Chambers insists, led an incredibly clever double life? Was he, while carrying out the wishes of Presidents, Senators, Secretaries of State, to their utmost satisfaction, a dues-paying underground Communist?

If he was then the irony of the situation is endless.

But, capping this, is the case of Chambers, who, by his own confession, is probably the most deadly spy that America has ever had, and yet through his present writings, has become the leading advocate of "Western ideals."

Actually, whatever the outcome, nobody knows what will be done with Chambers. One thing is certain: the reputation of one or the other will be ruined when the web is finally untangled, and that ruin will affect the allegiance of many people to the ideas that upheld them.

HOW GOOD ARE RUSSIA'S FORCES?

by Captain B. H. LIDDELL HART

UP TO NOW the quality of Russia's armed might and how it might be used in the event of war has been a mystery. Captain B. H. Liddell Hart has investigated the subject specially for John Bull. The result is an absorbing and thorough survey which bridges many gaps in the knowledge hitherto available to the West. Captain Liddell Hart, who is fifty-three, ranks as Britain's foremost military expert. He is the author of numerous books on military science and warfare, and has in the past recommended a number of Army reforms which have subsequently been adopted.

IN JOHN BULL NEXT WEEK

MAN WHO

by HUBERT COLE

LOOKING OUT OF the fifth-floor window, you get the pigeon's eye view of Piccadilly Circus: legs and arms swinging from under the hats and umbrellas, bustling along the pavements, nipping across the studded tracks in front of the piled-up traffic. But the bustle down below has not half the energy and concentration of the bustle up here in the room itself.

Along the rows of tables, the men and women face their miniature switchboards.

Each incoming call lights up the machines right along the row; the first clerk free flicks down the connector and takes the bet.

Out in front, by the tape machine on the right, one man is chalking up the price variations as they come through from the course. On the left is another blackboard with the complete list of runners and jockeys. Beside it is a list of clients who have been blacklisted that week; if they phone a bet in, it will be refused.

From twelve thirty to one thirty, when the rest of the world is nipping out for its lunch, the bets come in heavily. The flow of phone calls continues through the afternoon, rising to a crescendo five minutes before each race.

As each clerk takes a bet, he writes it into a duplicating book, tears off the top flimsy, puts it into his tray, whence it is taken immediately to be time-stamped and entered into the field book. Each client is identified by a code number which he must give when he places a bet. The number also indicates to the clerk the client's weekly credit limit.

The Signal to Hedge

The clerk in charge of the field book keeps the running total on each horse. Behind him, at the telephone, is Don Hart.

It is Hart's responsibility to see that the book is balanced before the race begins. If too much money pours in on one horse, he gets on the blower to the course, gives the signal to hedge. The signal is in code, to prevent the price slipping before the message reaches the William Hill representative.

If the race is a big one, the William Hill representative will be William Hill himself, the man who built up the six floors of bustle and big business from a back room in Birmingham.

Hill started as a bookie in Birmingham at eighteen. The business failed to come to his office, so Hill went after it: on the course. "A fool and his money are soon parted—especially on a racecourse," says Hill. And he duly lost the lot.

He saved up and started again. At twenty-five he moved to London, opened an office in Jermyn Street with one clerk, and started attending the greyhound meetings.

But all the time he was seeing himself not as just a bookmaker with a voice and a bagful of notes but the executive head of a large organization. Today he sits in a shiny, panelled office with phones and inter-house buzzers and public address system. "This is modern bookmaking," he says. "Different from the jumbled old mess you used to find in a bookmaker's office. We have to be as orderly and businesslike as a bank or an insurance company."

And so his organization is, with its

PLACES YOUR BETS

Start of Flat racing means a busy bookmaker. He prefers dealing with "small fling" customers

Racecourse on the line, prices chalked up, the blacklist heeded

series of departments for accounts and acceptances, the post room with two microfilm machines to make photostatic copies of every bet that arrives and every letter that goes out, the staff of more than 300, the adding machines and the rows and rows of ledgers.

It was 1938 before he had the capital to set up his first large organization, in Park Lane. The war came and Hill, whether he had wanted to or not, had sunk too much money in the venture to be able to uproot again and follow the established bookies out of town into safe retirement. He had the field to himself, though racing was restricted almost to one day a week.

With the Victoria Club no longer operating, Hill began to advertise his own ante-post odds on big races. The business began to flow his way and, after 1941, he was firmly established.

The war over, he moved to the still larger premises in Piccadilly Circus and now claims to be the biggest "turf accountant" in the country—probably in the world—having in addition to the original horse and greyhound racing credit business, a Glasgow company catering for the small bettor by post and a football company issuing a fixed-odds coupon.

Fixing his first ante-post odds on a future big race is a difficult and risky business. Hill will study the 100 or more entries for two or three days and, basing his estimates on form and breeding, will fix a price against each horse mathematically to show a percentage profit if all the horses are backed to win the same amount. "But pay no attention to that," says Hill. "It's purely theoretical; it never works out that way."

The Non-runners

It is a popular belief that bookmakers make a lot of money out of scratched horses. Hill denies it. He says the amount of money taken on non-runners rarely exceeds five per cent of the total invested, while he frequently finds he loses twenty per cent in terms of value by having laid too high odds on the horses that are left in. On a bad book, Hill may eventually see the race start with the knowledge that if any of a dozen popular horses wins, he himself will lose.

Ante-post betting is useful to Hill as an advertisement. It is window dressing that attracts the customers. But it is limited to eight or ten events during the year and accounts for only a small proportion of his business.

Though his clients' normal credit limits run from £2 to £1,000, there is no limit, beyond Hill's own discretion, to the bets he will take from some clients. Which accounts for his losing £50,000 to £1,500 on Monsieur L'Amiral in the 1946 Cesarewitch and £30,000 to £9,000 on Airborne in the St. Leger the same year.

The most dramatic wins come from the doubles, trebles and accumulators: the proportion of winnings to stakes can be enormous. There was the man who, on the last day of 1947's flat racing, had three £2 doubles and a £2 treble on Spring Flower, Sea Shell and Regret. They all came up, and he collected £17,561. Another man, with a 2s. 6d. each way accumulator, won £5,724 5s.

What Hill calls an interesting bet was the £300,000 to £6 double in 1946 on Jockey Treble in the Lincoln and Double Sam in the Grand National. Jockey Treble won, and the backer hedged half his bet with Hill for £1,500. Double Sam failed to win. If he had won, the backer would have collected £150,000. As it was, he still showed a profit of £1,494.

If these statistics encourage you to throw up your job and take to professional backing, you should take heed of Hill's advice. He knows of only half a dozen professional backers who make a steady living on the course. There may be others who do well by betting from home (one, at least, of Hill's clients has been collecting an average profit of £10,000 annually for several years) but it is doubtful if there are many of them.

Some, of course, make an illicit profit by refusing to pay their debts. Bad debts are the bookmaker's nightmare. Hill considers things are getting very serious if they amount to 0.5 per cent of total turnover. The recent drive to prosecute defaulters for false pretences or fraud when they hide behind the Gaming Act is doing something to reduce their numbers.

The Big-money Backers

Hill himself is not greatly interested in the big-money backers: they seldom stay the course. He takes bets from 2s. upwards and will go down to a shilling for the Derby and the National. Clients with weekly limits of £2 to £5 are his favourites and he would like to get many more of them. "I want to make this a Woolworth's business; it's a much sounder proposition."

Not more than twenty-five per cent of the people on his books bet every week, but ninety per cent have something on the Derby and the Grand National—25,000 at the credit firm in Piccadilly Circus, 50,000 in daily letter bets at Glasgow. The total number of people placing bets with him each week, on horses, greyhounds and fixed-odds football coupons, averages 70,000. His average profit over the year works out at two and a half per cent on the total turnover.

Hill claims that his business represents a sure sounding board of Everyman's finances. When money is tight, betting still continues but the stakes noticeably diminish. During the boom days of the war, the average stake on his football coupon was £2. In 1946 and 1947 this dropped to 25s. Since August 1948 it has averaged only 14s.

But the total wagered on the coupons has increased. Hill's theory is that, the pools having converted many people to gambling, and these newcomers having acquired the gambler's desire to know exactly what odds he is getting, football backers are steadily drifting towards fixed-odds betting.

The Personal Problem

The ramifications of the Hill betting business are now quite considerable: horses, dogs and football, credit and Glasgow daily letter bets. One of his major preoccupations is how to get himself off the course and into his office more frequently. He has found a deputy to take his place on the members' rails at the Northern and Midland meetings, but still has to cover the Southern meetings himself.

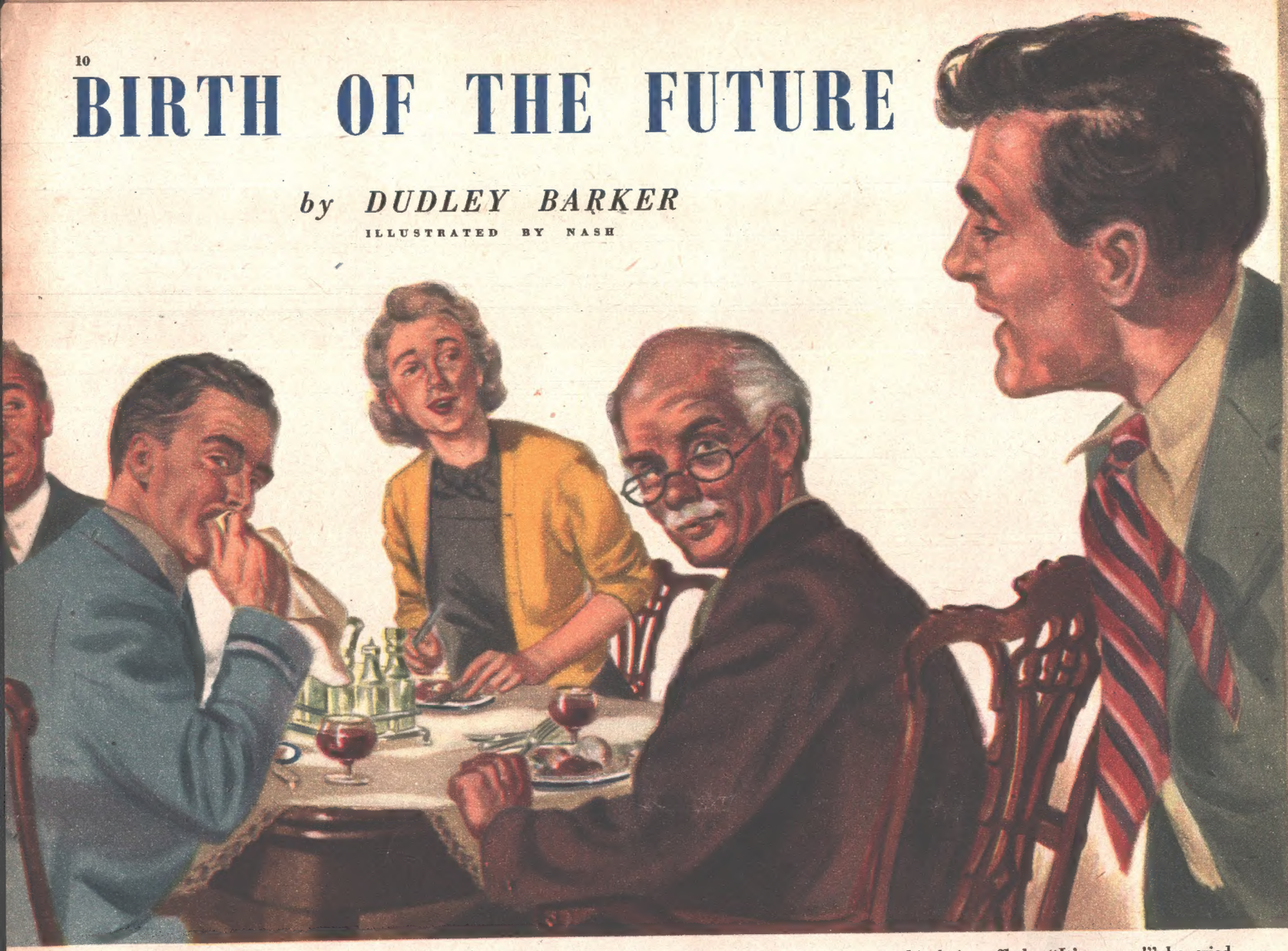
There is evidently a good job here for a bright young man. Essential qualifications include quick wits, an adding-machine brain, an equable disposition, and an outsize in human understanding.

The principal occupational hazard is that which bookmakers share with many bus drivers, some prime ministers and nearly all Americans: a tendency to stomach trouble.

BIRTH OF THE FUTURE

by ***DUDLEY BARKER***

ILLUSTRATED BY NASH



Suddenly George burst in on the professor and his Whitehall guests. His tie was awry, his hair ruffled. "It's a son!" he cried

"IT IS A GREAT NUISANCE," said Mrs. Tallboy, "that they have to come today of all days. You must put them off."

Her husband, who was eating his breakfast, replied diffidently that that was impossible. "For one thing, my dear, they are rather important people, and besides, they have probably started. It is unfortunate that it should be today, but, after all, the arrangement was made, and we never expected. . . . I mean, it was not to have been for another month yet."

He paused with the cup halfway to his lips, thinking of his daughter, Faith, rushed to the nursing home in the middle of the night. Most unexpected. He had not even redecorated his old study as a nursery, as he had promised.

There was no cause, he assured himself, for anxiety. Many babies were born prematurely with no ill effects upon mother or child. Into his mind wandered memories of Faith as a child herself. Often, these days, he found himself remembering her like that.

"Are you going to sit staring all the morning?"

"Oh, I'm sorry, my dear," he said, coming to himself and hastily putting the cup to his lips. He added that he did not want any more toast. He did not feel very much like eating that morning.

His wife pointed out that he had already managed to toy with a plateful of porridge and a pair of kippers, in spite of his anxiety.

"Have I, my dear?" he murmured placatingly. It was only to be expected that Gwen should be irritable that morning. Their first grandchild. A nervous strain, of course.

He began to collect the dishes to carry out to the kitchen.

"One advantage," he suggested cheerfully, "is that, with these guests coming, I had arranged in any case not to go down to the university today, so I shall be able to give you a hand in the house."

"Oh, that's a great advantage. Having you to help with the washing up will amply compensate for three bigwigs from Whitehall cluttering up the house."

"Now really, Gwen," he protested, "I am sorry for the inconvenience, but this visit is very important."

"Important!" she exclaimed. She stared at her husband. What could possibly be important about a little university professor in a crumpled suit? What, she thought, had ever been important throughout his life? What had he ever done but mess about in his laboratory, smoke those stinking old pipes and lecture to the loutish students? It was not even as though he had fulfilled her hopes on marriage and transferred to a decent university. Oxford or Cambridge, now, would have been different. But this provincial hole!

Then, just because he had published some incomprehensible lecture, these wretched officials wanted to come and talk to him. And he called that important.

True, she admitted to herself, she had been rather impressed at the first news of it. Two of them were knights, and one was also an Air Vice-Marshal. She might have been quite excited about it. But why did it have to be today?

"Can you think of anything more important," she demanded, "than the birth of your first grandchild?"

"Well, no, of course not. But I can hardly ask Sir Hugo and Sir William to upset their arrangements on account of a domestic matter."

"That's as may be," she replied tartly, picking up the tray. "But one thing is quite certain, you can't ask Faith to postpone her business because Whitehall is coming to lunch.

"And," she added, as she swept off to the kitchen, "Air Vice-Marshal or tiddley-push, they get corned beef and pickles, like it or not."

Professor Tallboy rammed his pipe with tobacco and wandered thoughtfully into the garden. He had not been there very long when he saw his son-in-law, George Pincher, hurrying up the road and into the house.

At any other time the professor would have remained in the garden. Secretly, he did not much care for his son-in-law—one of those young dons who bounced about the senior common-room with far too high an opinion of themselves, and insufficient respect for their elders.

The professor's pleasure in the fact that the young couple had been unable to find a house when the war ended, and so Faith had continued to live with him, had been sadly marred because George, of course, had moved in, too.

GWEN did not feel the same about it. She liked George. She liked his long hair, pink shirts and supercilious manner. She considered the over-large signet ring on his little finger to be in exquisite taste. She basked in his reputation as an advanced poet; the professor dutifully perused his son-in-law's poems and did not dare to confess (except hesitantly to Faith) that he had not the remotest idea what the chap was writing about.

But this morning the professor hurried into the house after him, for George had just returned from the nursing home.

"Well," he asked, "is it all over? How is she?"

George, who had sunk wearily upon the sofa, shook his head.

"It is not all over. Matron says it

may be several hours yet. My God, the agony of it!"

"Why, have you seen her? Is she suffering much?"

"Oh, I haven't seen her. They say everything is normal. I meant the agony of suspense."

Tallboy grunted. "It'll give you first-class material for a sonnet."

"Arthur!" exclaimed his wife sharply. "Here, George, take a cup of coffee, dear. It will help to steady you."

The professor returned to the garden.

As three grim-faced gentlemen drove down from Whitehall, Sir Hugo, the Air Vice-Marshal, asked:

"Do you think the old boy realizes even remotely what he is on to?"

"Probably not," replied Sir William, the Permanent Under-Secretary. "What do you think, Dunn? You know him, don't you?"

The third man assented. "I was his pupil once, long before I went into Government work. I don't know. He's a brilliant scientist, of course. That goes without saying now, though we used not to think so much of him. A dear old chap, rather bully-ragged by his wife. Pretty daughter, I seem to remember, or she promised to be in those days—she was only a kid then. Married now, I hear, to some young don who writes modern poetry, highly thought of in Bloomsbury."

"Not a Communist?" asked Sir William eagerly.

Dunn shrugged his shoulders and couldn't say.

That would complicate things, mused Sir William. He was something of an expert on Communists by now, in the line of business, that is. In all his long and dreary years in the Civil Service, the current hunt for Communists had proved the most diverting pastime; even more fascinating than *The Times* crossword puzzle, or the problem of the correct order of Shakespeare's sonnets.

"I suppose the old fellow's discovery is as important as we imagine," he murmured.

"If half of what Dunn says is true," replied Sir Hugo, the Air Vice-Marshal, "it could make the atom bomb look like a child's toy."

"Why, oh why," protested Sir William laughingly, "do you scientists have to plague us by finding out so much?"

Dunn smiled modestly, as though, by virtue of being a Government scientist, a share of the praise was his due. Sir Hugo merely grunted that it was a good job the discovery had been made by an Englishman.

"Even if he is an old ass," he added. "Just fancy delivering that lecture in public, and then going on to publish it! God knows how much harm has been done already."

"Do you think much information has got abroad?" asked Sir William.

"Difficult to tell. I put my police on to it at once, of course, and we have impounded most of the copies of the review it came out in. But there are still half a dozen we can't lay our hands on. Then there are the people who were actually present at the lecture."

"It isn't as bad as all that," interposed Dunn. "After all, this is not a new branch of science. People are working on it all over the world. All that old Tallboy has done is to take a step forward. But it's a mighty big step."

"Certainly is," agreed Sir Hugo. Into his mind came a picture of a few of his new jet bombers perched high up in a cloudless sky, and below them the greatest destruction the world would ever see—pulverized cities, millions of blackened acres strewn with mute herds of slaughtered cattle, corpses everywhere, and a lot of thick smoke.

"It would bring air power right back into the picture," he remarked with satisfaction.

Ever since those remote days of 1916, when as a lad he had lobbed hand grenades from the open cockpit of his fragile little aeroplane, Sir Hugo had lived for air power.

"There is nothing immediate about it, of course," said Dunn. "It will take years of research and effort to get a practical weapon out of it."

"But it can be done."

"Oh, yes, not much doubt about that—provided old Tallboy will consent to do it."

"Presumably he will not refuse his duty towards his country," said Sir Hugo stiffly.

"I'm not so sure," replied Dunn. "He's a curious old fellow, one of the old-fashioned humanitarians, a sort of relic of nineteenth-century Liberalism. Mind you, I think Mrs. Tallboy would be on our side. She was always a very ambitious woman, though it never got her anywhere."

"Feminine influence, eh?" chuckled Sir William. "We must address ourselves to the lady, if need be. We shall have to be subtle about it, Hugo. None of your rushing-in, blitz methods. Persuasion, old chap, that's the ticket."

Sir Hugo grunted. He was far away in a purring bomber, his fingers on the bomb release, itching to let go.

> The professor had to agree with his wife that the prospect of a grandson was important. But so was the visit from the bigwigs. Really, how out of place for both to happen the same day!

PROFESSOR TALLBOY, watching from the garden, saw the limousine draw up and hastened to meet his guests. To Dunn he gave a warm shake of recognition. "You have grown stouter, my boy."

"And you, Professor, have not changed a jot. Let me introduce Sir William, my P.U.S., and Sir Hugo, the Service chief for us boffins."

"Very pleased to see you, gentlemen. Come in, come in. I expect you would like a drink after your long journey."

"Most hospitable, my dear Professor," cooed Sir William. Sir Hugo said nothing, reserving judgment; he was right, a cheap Empire sherry.

"And you must meet my wife," said the professor. "Gwen, dear."

Mrs. Tallboy was most affable. Knights did not often come her way. Sir Hugo, with his slight figure and distinguished military features, particularly took her fancy.

"And what brings such busy men down to our provincial corner?" she asked brightly.

"Your husband's Ponsonby lecture, ma'am," replied Sir Hugo.

"Dear lady," said Sir William, "I don't know if you realize it, but you are married to a genius—a genius, no less."

"Flatterer!"

For a moment Sir William was taken aback. He had not heard a woman use that word since his Edwardian youth. "No flattery," he assured her. "The professor's name will live on long after we are all forgotten."

"If anything lives on," cut in Sir Hugo, wrinkling his moustache in one of his rare pleasantries, "after your husband has finished with us."

Sir William coughed and frowned. The professor looked startled. But the situation was saved by a sudden ring of the telephone. Mrs. Tallboy sped from the room to answer it.

"You must excuse our state of nerves today," explained the professor. "The fact is, it's rather unfortunate it should have happened today, but my daughter has been taken to a nursing home."

"Nothing serious, I hope."

"Oh, not at all. She is having a baby."

They all congratulated him.

"Your first grandchild?" asked Sir William. "Ah, what a delicious moment!"

Mrs. Tallboy looked round the door to say to her husband: "That was George. No news yet. I'm going to prepare lunch."

The four men, left alone, gazed awkwardly at their glasses. Sir William coughed and then began conversationally, "I suppose you realize, Professor, the purpose of our visit."

"Well, I feel honoured, of course. But to tell the truth. . . ."

"Your lecture. I take it that you fully realize the implications of the research, the most brilliant piece of research you have accomplished?"

"The implications?" asked Tallboy. "Well, of course, there are many. The thing is at a purely theoretical stage at the moment. But I won't deny the possibility that, many years hence, somebody working on my thesis might develop a force of incalculable benefit to humanity. It is possible, and I confess that I find the thought inspiring."

"Not many years hence," said Sir Hugo curtly. "We must have it in ten years at the outside. Money no object."

"Have what?"

"Surely you understand," said Sir William, "that you have produced, or rather have made possible the production, of the ultimate weapon of war?"

Dunn started on a technical explanation, but Tallboy stopped him with an angry wave of the hand.

"My dear Gerald, I have not lost all my faculties since you ceased to attend my lectures. I am perfectly aware of the possibilities of destruction, if the world chooses to use my work for that end. Most scientific discoveries are capable of being used for good or ill. I should have thought that obvious. But that is nothing to do with me. I am a pure scientist. I am not responsible for the madness of politicians."

Sir William shook his head. "It won't do, you know, Professor. This is a sad and naughty world, but we have to accept it for what it is."

"Excuse me, Sir William, I have neither to accept nor reject it, so far as my work is concerned. It is not my business. I am simply in search of knowledge. What the world does with that knowledge is no concern of mine."

Sir Hugo, who had been wrestling with his impatience, now interrupted bluntly: "Let's cut the cackle. Your particular line of research is being followed in several parts of the world. The Yanks are after it, so are the Russians. Thank God you have got there first. The country that gets hold of the weapon you have discovered controls the world. I don't say there is going to be a war. Let's hope not. But we must be prepared. Britain has got to have that weapon, Professor. You have got to give it to us."

Tallboy stared round at them, bewildered and dismayed.

"Exactly what are you asking me to do, gentlemen?"

"Here's the proposition. You can have whatever sort of laboratory you want, wherever you like—we suggest Cambridge. Dunn will be your chief assistant, and you can hire anybody else you want. Money no object. We want that weapon within ten years, and we want complete secrecy. By the way, have you got any copies of that damned review here? There are six my fellows can't trace."

"Have you had the impertinence," demanded Tallboy, "to try to suppress my lecture?"

"Of course. You were crazy to have published it."

The professor glared at him. "Well, I'm damned," he said.

Sir William, who had been waiting, now took his chance. Hugo had probably been right, he thought, to break the thing abruptly, like a bomb. Hugo had been handling scientists since 1941. But now the professor needed a little soothing.

"Let me try to put it this way, Professor. We are living in a dangerous world. And the reason is science. The great scientists of the world—among whom, if you will permit me, I number yourself—are discovering almost daily the basic secrets of matter. But it is all a little too much for the general run of mankind.

You great ones have outstripped our poor capacity to assimilate your discoveries and turn them to beneficent ends. All we can grasp is the tremendous powers of destruction you have unleashed."

"That is no reason," declared Tallboy, "for keeping new knowledge secret. Science must be free. That is the only way in which the world can advance. Your suppression of knowledge, your seizure of my lecture, for example—why, damn it, that's the action of a police state."

Sir William wagged his head sympathetically.

"I know, I know. That is how it must seem to you. But we must be practical, Professor. It is really nothing more than caution. Let us face the facts, my dear sir. Sooner or later some other scientist, probably in another country, is bound to hit upon the discovery you have already made. And what happens then?"

HE paused, but they all remained silent. "Ah, the freedom of science!" he continued. "What a beautiful ideal!

"It was all right for the nineteenth century, Professor, but we live in different times—cruel, crazy times. When some other scientist makes your discovery, his country will seize upon it and develop it into a weapon of war. That is the terrible, disastrous fact, and we must face it."

"But that is precisely what you are asking me to do now," Tallboy pointed out.

Sir William raised an impressive finger. "Some time within the next few hours," he said, "your grandchild is to be born. What a world he is entering, eh, Professor? Well, we can't alter that. But consider. In eighteen years'

time he will be of military age; or, if it is a girl, doubtless she will be in love with some young man of military age. By that time, if you refuse to help us now, some other country will probably have discovered and developed this terrible weapon of destruction—I need not detail the horrors of it to you.

"Now, where does your responsibility lie? Are you going to give us this weapon, to be a shield and protection for your grandson; or are you to stand idly by, talking of pure science and moral principles, while some other country forges it to destroy him?"

"But this is the most one-sided argument," cried the professor indignantly. "There are thousands of other grandchildren being born at this very hour in other countries. You are asking me to produce the weapon to destroy them. That can't be the answer."

"Have you so little faith in England?" murmured Sir William. "Do you really believe that, if England held this weapon, she would use it in aggressive warfare? Surely this old country, with all its great traditions of justice, and love of peace, is the only nation in the world to be entrusted with such power. If this weapon is to come into existence, as it surely will, is there any other country but England to which you would dare give control of it?"

"For the life of me, I don't know," replied Tallboy miserably. "I don't believe any country is to be trusted with it. The only hope I can see for the world, as science reveals these secrets, is in a world government and the end of nationalism of every kind. And the only possible road to that goal seems to me the free internationalism of science. As mankind realizes the terrible powers of destruction that all nations possess, mankind will at last insist upon world government in self defence."

Sir Hugo slammed his sherry glass down upon the little table at his side.

"Poppycock!" he roared.

At that moment Mrs. Tallboy returned to the room, still a little distracted but brightening at the sight of the two knights, to tell them that lunch was ready.

"You must take us as you find us," she said nervously. "I'm afraid it's rather a scrappy meal. I can get a woman for only a couple of hours in the morning, and what with all this upset over my daughter. . . ."

Sir William offered his arm and assured her of their appreciation that she had provided lunch at all. They should have gone to an hotel rather than put her to the trouble, but her husband had insisted.

Sir Hugo, surveying the dining-table, wondered privately why the devil they had not gone to the hotel. Corned beef and boiled potatoes, and here was the old fool offering them claret. Sir William was delicately praising the wine. Damned old hypocrite, he knew very well it was non-vintage, eleven shillings a bottle.

The professor sat in silence at the head of his table, not angry any more—that little flame had died down—but overwhelmed by this ghastly situation. One thing was sure, they could talk themselves purple but he would make no quick decision. He could see their point of view, and there was a lot in it. That about his grandchild had struck a nasty blow.

He grimaced awkwardly. The sort of scene he had pictured was a warm day in the garden, and himself under the shade of the plum tree, reading passages from *Alice in Wonderland* to the child. But the vision these hard-headed men conjured up was of a lad of military age, fighting in some devilish war with weapons of unparalleled horror.

The professor almost groaned in the act of munching his corned beef.

He took no part in the chatter at the table—not even when Sir William began to hint to Gwen about a possible move to Cambridge, more money, a position of great respect and honour, the gratitude of the whole country. The sly old devil would soon win her to his side by those methods, as Tallboy well knew. He frowned. This was one decision in his life Gwen was not going to make.

Suddenly the door rattled open and George burst in. His tie was awry, his hair ruffled, his breath gasping.

"It's a son!" he cried, and collapsed into an armchair.

"A son," cried Gwen, hastening to him. "Oh, George, how wonderful. Is Faith all right?"

Yes, Faith was fine. So was the baby. Seven and a half pounds, and all safe. George was whacked, all in, exhausted. No, he had not seen her yet, hadn't the strength to face it.

The professor sat silent through the hubbub of congratulations. A son. Little Faith was the mother of a son. *Alice* under the plum tree—or a boy in khaki dying in torment on the stricken earth. For all his protestations, the professor suddenly knew that they would get him. Now that the child was actually born, a living grandchild, the full weight of his responsibility fell upon him.

It was as though, he thought, the fingers of a baby had come upon him from behind and caught him by the throat—the softest of grips, but irremoveable. This time the professor did groan, but nobody noticed.

Sir William was calling for silence, for a toast. He would take the liberty of charging their glasses with some more of this delicious claret, and calling upon them to rise to a toast.

"To the youngest Tallboy," he said, "Long life, prosperity and happiness."

He turned meaningly towards the professor.

"To your grandson's happiness, Professor, and to the happiness and security of all the babies born this day."

Tallboy rose and drank with the others, mechanically. His wife dropped back into her chair, beaming. Everything else was erased from her mind. Tallboy gazed at her with a deep compassion.

"Now then, George," she was saying, "you must help me clear away these lunch things, then we'll go down to the nursing home."

She glanced round happily at them.

"And we'll leave you men in peace," she added, "to finish your little talk."

THE HUMAN MACHINE

All Het Up

D. H. LAWRENCE, the famous writer, once said in a letter to a friend: "My quarrel with you was largely a quarrelling with something I was struggling away from in myself."

I think this is at the root of a great deal of our edginess with other people. We sometimes snap and snarl at perfect strangers in an unconscious effort to get rid of some irritation inside ourselves.

Human beings can't help having emotions and being emotional. What we can avoid is the failure to keep emotions under control.

And they can be controlled once we learn to recognize their source, once we really get to understand ourselves.

by ROFFE THOMPSON

HOW THE VATICAN

Behind the old-world façade of the Vatican is a busy modern organization with ears all over the world. As Russia wants to play politics, the Vatican is taking her on—in its own way

AN EGYPTIAN OBELISK marks the spot where the first pope was martyred nearly nineteen hundred years ago. A stone's throw beyond it, rising above Renaissance palaces, are the radio masts of one of Europe's most powerful transmitters.

Last month the Pope addressed a secret consistory of sixteen cardinals, to whom he denounced the trial and condemnation of Cardinal Mindszenty as a direct attack on the Catholic Church by the Hungarian republic.

The Pope spoke in Latin. A few hours later his words, translated into several languages, were reaching the farthest parts of the globe.

It is such a contrast as this of the medieval and the modern, the spiritual authority of twenty centuries expressed in a dead language and imposed by the latest devices of propaganda technique on Catholics all over the world, that gives the Vatican its power and its fascination.

Newest—and Oldest

As a state with an absolute ruler exercising full sovereignty the Vatican is easily the newest that exists today. As a great institution, unique in continuity and political stamina, it is by far the oldest.

Mussolini signed the Lateran pacts which made the Vatican a sovereign state almost exactly twenty years ago. He signed them in the Hall of Constantine, the same room in which Pope Leo III received the Emperor Charlemagne. Charlemagne has been dead eleven centuries, and Italians kicked Mussolini's body down the gutters in 1945.

But today Pope Pius XII, the two hundred and sixty-seventh in the line of St. Peter, exercises the inherited power of Leo III.

The nature of this power, and the reasons why the Pope, presiding over his kingdom of a hundred acres, still remains, in peace and war, a ruler with whom the nations must always reckon, are worth thinking about.

A Jesuit tried to express it in a phrase. We were watching a platoon of the Pope's Swiss guards marching past in the red, blue and yellow uniforms designed for them by Michelangelo in the sixteenth century. These, with 200 unarmed ceremonial police, are all the Vatican possesses in the way of troops.

A "Fifth Column"

The Swiss guards were decorative, but I thought of Stalin's divisions flowing like water through the Red Square.

"Not very imposing," agreed my friend the priest, "but we have a fifth column of four hundred millions outside."

It is difficult for non-Catholics to understand what this means. The Pope, according to Catholic theology, derives his power from God Himself, whose place he occupies and whose authority he exercises. The conscience of every individual Catholic is answerable to the Pope himself as Vicar of Christ, and a Catholic flouts that authority at his spiritual peril.

All who took part in the trial of the Hungarian Cardinal have been excommunicated from the Church. This is the ultimate penalty that the Vatican can impose on individuals. But the Pope could go further. He could lay the country under an interdict; that is to say, deprive the whole population of the mass and the sacraments, a measure that could be a severe threat to the government of a largely Catholic country.

The Church can no longer mobilize all Christendom against the Pagan, but it can and does enter the political field in a manner to make itself felt. It can dominate an election as it did in Italy last year; it can bring a great nation to the brink of hostilities, as in 1927, when the United States, incited by propaganda for a "holy war," nearly marched against Mexico, whose government had confiscated Church lands and persecuted believers.

Very seldom does it declare open war as it has on the Soviet Union. The Vatican's responsibility as the sovereign head of the Church is the spiritual welfare of Catholics everywhere. It hesitates to take drastic steps that might endanger that welfare. It goes as far as it can—and this explains the suppleness of its diplomacy: its condemnation of war, for instance, and its simultaneous support for Franco against the Spanish Republicans; its attack on Mussolini and Fascism, and the pact it concluded with the Italian Government later.

Recognize Danger

No diplomatists anywhere are as adept at seeing the red light as the men who direct the campaigns of the Church.

Anyone who thinks the Catholic Church is in decay or lacking in virility will quickly be disillusioned by a visit to the Vatican. The men I met there are as alive to the realities of the world situation as any who direct policy today. And they never stop doing something about it. They never make the headlines, but they are calmer and better informed than the politicians who are daily in the news.

In no conversation I had was any doubt ever expressed as to the justice or the outcome of Catholic policy. This was not the usual blandness of poker-faced politicians. These men really believe in what they are doing. And more than any other body in the world the Church can wait.

"Time is not only on our side," said a secretary to me, "it is in our back garden," and he pointed to the basilica of St. Peter's.

The Vatican has its foreign minister, the Cardinal Secretary of State, who is the political chief of the Catholic Church. It is he who meets ambassadors, drafts communiqués and formulates Vatican foreign policy. He is, next to the Pope himself, the most powerful man in Rome.

In all countries of western Europe outside the Iron Curtain the Catholic parties and the Catholic trade unions are often the deciding factor against Communist influence. They owe much of their success and tactical skill to the unseen influence and direction of the Cardinal Secretary of State.

If the Vatican decides how the Church shall act politically it no less seeks to influence and control its children socially. Physical salvation is welded to moral. The Pope issues encyclicals, or pastoral letters, on any tendency he thinks dangerous or destructive. He passes judgment and comments on subjects ranging

HITS BACK AT STALIN

by WILLIAM ARMSTRONG

Huge crowd in St. Peter's Square hears Pope condemn Mindszenty trial. His power extends far beyond Rome

from divorce and the organization of labour to artificial insemination and the length of women's skirts.

Yet no place so little suggests a seat of government as does the Vatican. With its age-old courts and palaces, its air of antiquity and treasure, the impression is rather that of an immense museum or a university. The world might have stopped outside the gates. Nobody seems to hurry here. All is calm, dignity and peace.

But behind the Renaissance walls are concealed all the paraphernalia of modern diplomacy: ministries and departments, newspaper presses and wireless studios—a concentration of political activity unparalleled in any modern capital.

The Vatican works in secret. To its huge and dispersed forces all over the world it acts as a central operations room. It controls and advises Catholic action everywhere, much as a high command directs units in the field.

The director of these operations is the Pope himself. He is an absolute ruler, and combines in himself the three functions of any national government: executive, judiciary and administration.

The Pope and his advisers have the advantage of what is easily the finest information service in the world. The Vatican is the world's whispering gallery.

Catholics are everywhere and from everywhere they go to Rome. It is not only from its trained observers and its official delegates, the papal nuncios, nor from the religious bodies such as the Jesuits—who have been called by their enemies the Gestapo of the Church—that political temper is gauged. The thousands of pilgrims from all over the universe that throng the Vatican daily have each their contribution to make to that picture of the world which the Pope can reconstruct with what must seem to outsiders an inspired accuracy.

A Peasant's Complaint

The Church's ear is tuned to the highest frequencies. The simple complaint of a peasant from Alsace can be as valuable as a hundred-page communiqué from a papal nuncio.

Add to this fact that the Pope was himself a nuncio, the man whose brilliant legal brain and mastery of political finesse devised the Lateran Treaty which gave the Vatican its national status, and the extraordinary acuteness of Rome to world reactions ceases to be a mystery.

Contrast is what strikes the layman about the Vatican. This formidable organization has no regular income and issues no budget. The disorder of its finances would horrify a business man. Yet it can pour out money in a cause it deems just, or in support of a political party whose victory it judges advantageous to the Holy See.

Poverty is the pride of many religious orders and is vaunted by the Church as an heroic virtue. Yet the pomp of the Roman ceremonial, maintained by the Vatican in the most opulent buildings in the world, makes the symbols of any other authority seem impoverished and dull.

As the spiritual ruler of four hundred million people, the Pope is the last absolute monarch, and the Vatican, besides being the inspiration and director of Catholic action, is also a court.

This is an aspect of Rome that is not secret. As in all courts the atmosphere can be servile and cynical, and, in petty ante-chamber intrigue it is probably corrupt. But when in full dress and going about its state occasions, the Papal court can stage a show of breathtaking splendour.

This appeal to the eye is necessary.

"The jewels in those vestments would keep my village for ten years," said a French peasant of a glittering Cardinal pacing gravely in procession to St. Peter's.

"And mine," answered an Italian, gaping by his side, "but if he didn't wear them we wouldn't come to Rome."

The pomp of the Roman festivals is the visible glory of the Church, but its visible power is seen in the full procession of the Papal court that takes more than an hour to pass a given point. Here is the whole hierarchy of the Vatican. Led by the Sacred College of Cardinals, a legion of bishops, priests, canons, chamberlains, choristers, religious orders and court officials, all resplendently dressed and impeccably stage managed, files slowly into the cathedral. Last of all comes the Pope, escorted by his noble guards and wearing the crown of St. Peter on his head.

Away from public ceremony, the Pope leads the life of a busy executive, combining the duties and responsibilities of a prime minister and a general in the field.

The grandiose days when the Popes lived like potentates are gone. As the director, spiritual and temporal, of a highly efficient modern state the Pope has no time, had he even the taste, for the great feasts and receptions that used to be the rule for the king of the Church.

Modern Popes have a reputation for frugality, and have done away with the absurd luxury inherited by tradition. "What!" exclaimed Pius X, "seven chefs to cook me two eggs and a little soup?" and forthwith sacked the inflated kitchen staff, a relic of the Borgia opulence.

The Pope's Working Day

The Pope rises very early, generally about five in the morning, and from then till seven is engaged in prayers and meditation. Breakfast is at eight and thereafter till midday there are audiences, office work and correspondence. Lunch is at one, and from then till late into the night the Pope is working with his secretaries and advisers, hearing reports and deciding on policy—conducting, in fact, the work of government.

The departmental work of the government that he heads is discharged by three organizations: the Sacred Congregations, the Tribunals and the Offices.

The Congregations may be called the administrative branch of the Vatican. Probably the most famous of them is also the most ancient. This is the Congregation of the Holy Office, or the Inquisition, as Protestants best know it. Its duty is to suppress heresy and check superstition. Nothing, from the organized celebration of the Black Mass to table turning and telling fortunes by tea leaves, is safe from its scrutiny and condemnation.

Any Catholic can have an audience with the Pope. The general procedure is a mass audience of anything from twenty to several hundred people. The Pope hears and gives a short address and, if the crowd is not too big, offers his hand so that each might kiss the ring of St. Peter.

Only important visitors and distinguished men have an audience alone. The occasion is simple and is without the formality of, for instance, a king interviewing an ambassador. Pius XII is a linguist and is not without humour.

To Joe E. Brown, the American comedian, who was announced rather pompously by his sponsor as "good Catholic, good husband and good actor," the Pope replied smilingly: "I bless you just the same."

Sometimes all the Papal tact is needed to refuse an insistent visitor who might prove to be a bore. The late Pope is reported to have lamented the fact that his secretary could never give in the Pope's case the usual evasion of "not at home."

Faces Gravest Threat

Neither the Pope nor the Vatican can afford to be "not at home." Never in the long history of the Catholic Church has the Vatican judged its participation in world affairs more urgent than it judges it to be today.

The Communist creed, atheistic and material, is the gravest threat Rome has ever had to face, and the Vatican is mobilizing its very considerable power and authority in the struggle of East and West.

Liberals everywhere might find the Catholic Church an uneasy ally, but they would be wrong if, impressed by the antique, somniferous atmosphere of the Vatican, they were to underestimate the strength of an institution that has survived as a political entity for nearly 2,000 years.

Husband-and-wife collaboration has played an important part in the Olivier story. Olivier and Vivien Leigh in a scene from *The School for Scandal*

Sir Larry is still puckish

His partnership with Ralph Richardson. . . . The Australian tour. . . . His idea of success

BUT FOR THE outbreak of war, Larry Olivier might have gone from success to success in Hollywood. He was playing Nelson in *Lady Hamilton*—Vivien Leigh had the title rôle—when the balloon went up.

Olivier was over the calling-up age. He also loathed flying. But his first reaction was to go to a local airfield, just outside Santa Monica, and take lessons.

Early in 1941 the Oliviers came home, Larry to volunteer for active service in the Fleet Air Arm. He was finally commissioned as a gunnery instructor.

In the Service he had over 500 flying hours, was involved in one or two minor crashes and never quite got over his instinctive dislike of flying. The most difficult part of his Service life was the constant effort to avoid film, theatre and broadcasting assignments. Like many actors who volunteered, Olivier soon began to feel that it would have to be a case of full-time service or full-time acting.

Dislike Preceded Friendship

In the end, of course, entertainment won. Olivier was released to undertake the twin tasks of making the film version of Shakespeare's *Henry V* and collaborating with Ralph Richardson in the reorganization of the Old Vic, when the New Theatre was secured as the company's new home.

Richardson had already bulked pretty largely in Olivier's life, and had served with him as a fellow instructor in the Fleet Air Arm. They met first in the late twenties when both were playing in repertory for Sir Barry Jackson.

"At first," says Olivier, "I had little liking for Richardson. I thought him stuffy and a bit pompous. I'm pretty sure he regarded me as a rather frivolous outsider. But eventually we had to share a dressing-room, became used to each other's ways and within a few months were fast friends."

They have been friends ever since, and colleagues in some of the finest classical theatrical productions of the day; unselfish, too, in their collaboration, often one playing a small part in a production in which the other was star, as when Richardson appeared as Peer Gynt and Olivier took the ten-minute part of the button-moulder.

Together they re-created the Old Vic. They restored the traditional programmes and the old ideals of impeccable, selfless acting, and they gave the old theatre—established in St. Martin's Lane after the bombing—a new vitality which won it wider audiences.

Much of the new patronage of the Old Vic came to see Olivier and Richardson as personalities. Olivier's considerable film reputation was an asset. The popular applause meant little to him personally but he was immensely gratified with it as a sign that a form of theatre which meant much to him was gaining increasing recognition.

By now his energy and his spirit were being channelled to a clear direction. He knew what he wanted and what he intended to do. When the Rank people headed by Del Guidice put before him the proposition that he should make *Henry V* as a film he surprised them all by the clarity and realistic nature of his demands. He would do the play if he could direct it as well as star in it, and if he could have the ruling voice.

He told them exactly how he would do it and exactly what assistance he required. It boiled down to someone who knew all about camera angles, who could tell him if his ideas were practical or not.

He made the film under the most harassing difficulties. He had to take a unit of actors and technicians to Eire to shoot the Battle of Agincourt in order to be sure of an adequate supply of horses and crowd players. He directed most of this stirring sequence mounted on the horse Blaunchkyng which he actually rode in his character of the king.

It wasn't, finally, a brilliantly directed film, but it was true to Olivier's conception of Shakespeare. In one year the picture earned over 1,000,000 dollars in the United States; no British film had ever taken that much money there before.

Olivier had hammered the film industry on the anvil fashioned by Shakespeare and, in spite of the cynics, justified his revolutionary forging by commercial results. He had brought Shakespeare back to the masses in a form as palatable to them as the original plays were to the groundlings of the Elizabethan theatre.

Since *Henry V* and the early triumphs of the revitalized Old Vic, with Olivier as Richard III (Richardson played the much smaller part of Richmond in this), Olivier has increased his activities as producer, for the screen as well as for the theatre. He is now approaching in status something of the overwhelming quality of the theatrical giants of the past, the Keans and the Irvings.

He has retained his power to deflate pomposity. When a critic taxed him with the wisdom of putting on five Christmas shows of Shaw's frivolity, *Arms and the Man*, in 1945, and asked rhetorically, "But *why* do it, old man?" Olivier replied sardonically, "Well, it gives the girls a chance."

His Gesture in Paris

Olivier has one major score over the great actor-managers of the past—his audiences are world-wide.

Since the re-forming of the Old Vic he has taken companies to Paris, New York and Australia. In Paris, he made a typical gesture, typical for its romanticism and its basic sincerity.

Going before the curtain after the overture, he kissed his finger, laid it on the stage and said, "I give the Comédie Française back to its rightful owners." The emotional audience rose to him.

In New York the audiences, too, acclaimed him and Vivien Leigh, who accompanied him as part of her convalescence from her long illness. But his cold courtesy was not proof against the persistence of autograph fiends. He tells the story of one blonde youngster who, told she could not ride with him in his taxi, switched from charm to venom

onard Wallace

and called him a "lousy so-and-so."

Returning from America his plane developed engine trouble. One motor burst into flames and the pilot, with undercarriage jammed, had to make a forced landing. Olivier, seated all too conveniently by the port from which the closest view of the burning motor could be got, says that the experience did little to improve his confidence in air travel.

In Australia the Old Vic received something like a royal welcome. Bunting was hung out and some theatres adopted a ballot method of allocating seats, so enormous was the demand. He paid Australia the compliment of giving two new performances in advance of this country, Sir Peter Teazle in *The School For Scandal*, which he has recently allowed us to see, and Mr. Antrobus in *The Skin of Our Teeth*. He also gave them a Richard III so full of colour and violence that at the Sydney performance he damaged his ankle and developed the cartilege trouble that caused him, when he left Australia, to be slung aboard ship in a sort of cradle.

The Australians took the Oliviers straight to their hearts. In Melbourne the audience whooped with delight and hurled streamers on to the stage. In the baggage when they left were boomerangs, native knives and stuffed koala bears.

Generally hospitality was heartfelt and easy-going, but on one occasion when the socialites of Perth put on a ceremonial tea in their honour, Olivier's puckish sense of humour got the better of him and he turned up in shorts and a sweat-shirt.

The socialites took the hint. Hospitality was strictly informal after that.

Could Do with a Holiday

At the end of last year the contracts of Olivier, Sir Ralph Richardson and John Burrell as directors of the Old Vic expired. They were not renewed. The season at the New Theatre which has proved so popular may, therefore, be Olivier's last with the company for which he has done so much. His future plans are uncertain.

Most of all he and his wife want a long holiday after the strain of the production of the screen *Hamlet*, the Australian tour and the present Old Vic season.

Just now Olivier stands at the peak of a period of steady achievement. He is probably the most outstanding success of this century in his own line. His personal triumphs and his services to his profession have brought him a knighthood.

He went to the Palace to receive the accolade in a severely correct morning suit, looking a striking figure with his hair bleached blond for his characterization of Hamlet. Afterwards, at the studios, he attended a party of celebration which began with the presentation of a laurel-wreathed testimonial by the studio high-ups and ended with Vivien helping him to serve beer straight from the barrel to the floor crews who worked on the picture.

His achievements have brought him distinction but no considerable fortune. The Old Vic Australian tour is reputed to have brought in £200,000, less expenses, for the British Council, but Olivier's salary as a director of the Old Vic gave him rather less than would be paid to the governor of a private school. Taxes devour most of the huge sums paid to him by the film people.

Even if he makes an enormous success of the present season he will not receive more than a few hundreds in hard cash.

Some men achieve success by making millions of pounds; some by pleasing millions of people; some, who have been driven all their lives by a powerful ideal, simply by pleasing themselves. Olivier fits the last two classifications: that is more than most successful men could claim

"My husband got wet like you," said Mrs. Fratters to shivering Bickerdike, "and in three days he was *gone*"

Winner take all

by J. R. PHILLIPS

ILLUSTRATED BY GILBERT WILKINSON

When Widow Fratters won £11,000 on the pools, Mr. Bickerdike decided it was his duty to marry her. So did five other widowers, two bachelors and a would-be bigamist

THE NEWS SPREAD like wildfire. It sped over garden walls, in at back doors, up the stairs and down again, out at the front, along the streets, into shops, offices and warehouses. Within five minutes, Mr. Samuel Bickerdike had it from a customer.

"Eleven thousand pounds!" he gasped, his thick fingers bagging a pound of sugar neatly. "Eleven thou——! You sure?"

"'S'right," the customer assured him. "Our Ethel got it from Mrs. Briggs, and she was told by Mrs. Fratters herself. Straight from the horse's mouth, as you might say."

Long after the customer had departed, Mr. Bickerdike remained leaning over the counter, his vast bosom heaving gently under a snowy apron, his fingers caressing his double chins and his boiled eye fixed on vacancy.

A tidy sum, eleven thousand pounds. Next door, too. It was time he got married again, anyway. Mr. Bickerdike glanced thoughtfully over his stout shoulder at a hole in the heel of his sock. At fifty-two a man needed someone to look after him—someone with eleven thousand pounds. And there were worse-looking widows than Mrs. Fratters. Mr. Bickerdike tried to think of one and failed.

To his intense annoyance and disgust the news instantly kindled the moribund and dormant affections of no fewer than eight other gentlemen. They ranged from leering dotards in their second childhood to middle-aged gallants just getting their second wind. Five, like Mr. Bickerdike, were widowers, two bachelors and one a would-be bigamist.

The pace was hot, the process of elimination rapid. A sprightly octogenarian was the first to go. He died suddenly while forcing a collar on a neck which had enjoyed a complete absence of restriction for ten years. Two septuagenarians, appalled by the disaster and anxious for their own arteries, withdrew reluctantly and concealed their chagrin behind sneers.

Yet another suitor, pausing in the middle of the road to flourish his hat, was hauled out from under a jacked-up bus and run into hospital for extensive repairs.

At the end of a month, Mr. Bickerdike had only two rivals left. Both, however, were men to be reckoned with, tough, persistent, impervious to rebuffs and on the right side of seventy.

Mr. Herbert Gass was an ex-sergeant-major with two rows of medal ribbons and a fiercely martial aspect. He was a baritone of local repute. Many said that with a voice like his he should have gone far. Mr. Bickerdike agreed. He even named the destination.

Mr. Andrew McKechnie carried with him the salty tang of boundless oceans. A dapper, tightly buttoned, retired ship's engineer, with a jutting, aggressive beard, the exploits of his youth grew ever the more remarkable the farther they receded from him. He had been torpedoed three times, which seemed to Mr. Bickerdike to be not quite enough.

Of the three, Mr. Bickerdike was perhaps the steadiest. He was also the fattest and the stingiest. Mr. Gass might sacrifice his sweet ration on the altar of love, Mr. McKechnie present the widow with cinema tickets, but Mr. Bickerdike relied on charm alone. It came cheaper.

Competition grew ever fiercer and more ruthless. First one and then another seemed to be in the ascendant. Mrs. Fratters, enthralled by a situation so romantic and exciting, gave no indication whatever of any preference. Each sought

desperately for that little something which would exalt him above the others in her eyes.

And then Providence took a hand. It guided a young man's erring footsteps on to a pile of slippery wet leaves.

Mr. Bickerdike heard the splash as he was crossing the bridge. He hurried down through the darkness to the towpath in some trepidation. A non-swimmer, he feared to find a situation beyond his powers.

Fortunately, the head that broke through the murky waters of the canal was close in. Mr. Bickerdike knelt down and grabbed a handful of wet hair. In pained tones its owner asked him to desist.

"Steady!" cautioned Mr. Bickerdike, as two hands fastened on his wrist. "Go easy, or you'll have *me* in. Here, hi! Damn and ——"

Mr. Bickerdike was heavy, but the other's sodden weight was too much for him. He slid in head first. A trail of bubbles containing his final remarks came hurrying up and burst in silence.

The rôles had changed when they regained the surface. The stranger clung to the bank and Mr. Bickerdike clung to the stranger.

"Leggo," ordered the man. "Grab hold of this grass and hang on. I'll soon have you out."

Once free from Mr. Bickerdike's frenzied clutch, he hauled himself quickly to dry land, and, turning his attention to Mr. Bickerdike, yanked him squelching and grunting on to the towpath.

"Quite like old times," he observed chattily. "I was a commando during the war."

Mr. Bickerdike, clammily cushioned in a puddle of mud and festooned with slimy green weed, fought with a desire to tell him what he was now.

"How the blazes did you manage to fall in?" he gasped at last.

"Just paid off on a casual job," said the other lightly. "Got a bit tiddly. These things happen, you know."

IN the act of ejecting a mouthful of canal water, Mr. Bickerdike stopped short and swallowed it, as the idea in all its blinding beauty suddenly occurred to him. Here was the very thing he had been so vainly seeking! He lurched to his feet, mopping his bald head with a soaked handkerchief.

"Want a job?" he asked, trying to sound casual. "I've a small grocery business and could do with an assistant. The wage isn't much, but it's steady and respectable."

"I'll try anything once," the other told him—"even respectability."

"But I want you to do something in return," said Mr. Bickerdike, shivering in his wet clothes. "Better come with me and get dried."

He explained as they waddled damply along.

"I'm a widower," he said, "and I'm thinking of getting married again. I live over my shop and she lives next door. Mrs. Fratters her name is. Widow with a daughter about nineteen. She won £11,000 on a football pool about six weeks ago, and there's a couple of greedy, grasping, self-seeking sharks after that money. Makes me sick to see 'em, prancing and smirking round her like a pair of dressed-up monkeys. I feel it's me duty to save her from 'em, apart from loving her for herself alone, like I do.

"Now, my idea is for you to nip in to Mrs. Fratters's when we get back and tell her I've been taken ill through jumping into a canal and saving your life. I've only a daily woman, so I reckon she'll offer to come and nurse me. And me being an object of pity *and* a hero ought to just about do the trick. D'you follow me?"

"Leave it to me," said his companion. "I know exactly what you want. My name's Jack Cupple, and there's my hand on it."

Twenty minutes later, Mr. Bickerdike, his florid countenance framed on a white pillow, issued final instructions to his new assistant. Mr. Cupple, his curly brown head emerging tortoise-like from the voluminous folds of frayed cloth, which was Mr. Bickerdike's oldest suit, listened attentively.

"Fetch her now," ordered Mr. Bickerdike, "and lay it on thick about my dauntless courage. I shall pooh-pooh it myself, of course, being modest. Say you'd gone down for the third time when I reached you. Tell her I fought for half an hour, never thinking of myself, to get you out."

"Okay, boss," said Mr. Cupple, and tucking his trousers snugly under his armpits shuffled carefully downstairs.

Mrs. Fratters came at once and brought her daughter with her. A stout, bustling, grey-haired matron, she had ideas of her own on the treatment of chills. The patient, filled with boiling milk and aspirins, a hot bottle blistering his feet and two more scorching either flank, had no difficulty infusing warmth into his thanks.

"My husband went just like this," said Mrs. Fratters, folding plump arms and eyeing Mr. Bickerdike critically. "*He* got wet like you, and, although I did everything I could to save him, in three days he was gone."

"I—I've a very strong constitution," stammered Mr. Bickerdike, shivering in spite of the bottles.

"So had George," nodded the widow. "That's the sort a chill takes quickest."

Mr. Cupple did the heavy work. He found time, however, to approve of Miss Vera Fratters's slender figure, genuine blondeness and laughing blue eyes. Painfully conscious of his appearance, he made the most of his flashing white teeth and engaging manner.

To Mr. Bickerdike's surprise and alarm he really had a chill the following morning. Mrs. Fratters came early, and recognizing the symptoms with a mournful satisfaction, began nursing in earnest. More heat was prescribed, together with the same air and a liquid diet calculated to inflame rather than nourish.

Mr. Cupple, flickering up and down the stairs with queries on prices and rationing, played the part of chaperone so effectively that the patient's temperature refused to come down. At Mr. Bickerdike's request, Mrs. Fratters finally sent her daughter to help in the shop. The susceptible Mr. Cupple promptly abandoned business in favour of pleasure and ceased to worry.

The customers received the news of Mr. Bickerdike's heroism with unflattering amazement. The two baffled suitors, acutely anxious at the turn of events, were openly sceptical.

Mr. McKechnie remembered having once swum five miles through a raging sea to rescue the entire crew of a freighter. Mr. Gass, in a voice he hoped would be heard upstairs, recalled the carrying of a wounded comrade to safety through a hail of machine gun fire.

Mr. Cupple, however, revealed a scepticism equal to their own, and in an interchange of personalities, conducted at high pressure, showed a marked aptitude for invective and a disrespect for age and position.

Mr. Gass deplored the training in the modern army. Mr. McKechnie yearned to teach him manners in the stokehold. Mr. Cupple consigned both to even warmer quarters.

Mr. Bickerdike began to improve. His courage returned with his appetite. While love was ripening in an atmosphere of cough physic upstairs, it was blossoming among the dry goods below. Mr. Cupple's first kiss, snatched across the counter, cost the business two jars of marmalade and a bottle of lime juice cordial.

On the sixth morning, at the very moment Mr. Bickerdike in red-and-white striped pyjamas was declaring his passion over a pink eiderdown, Mr. Cupple was offering Vera his hand and heart across a rocking cardboard stand of sage and onion stuffing.

A wildly elated Mr. Bickerdike greeted his assistant later in the day. His protruding eyes glistened. His very skin shone.

"I've done it!" he crowed. "I've brought it off! We're going to be married!"

"Congratulations," said Mr. Cupple heartily. "And I've a bit of news for *you*. You're luckier even than you thought. You're going to have *me* for a son-in-law."

The shine went off Mr. Bickerdike.

"Ho," he said sourly. "Ho."

"Of course I can't get married on what you're paying me now," said Mr. Cupple; "but I thought——"

"The business won't stand it," put in Mr. Bickerdike quickly.

"I can wait," Mr. Cupple told him darkly. "There's no hurry."

The patient had a relapse. Mr. Cupple treated it himself—with a cold sponge and a glass of water.

MR. BICKERDIKE celebrated his recovery and betrothal with a little dinner. At the widow's instigation he included her daughter and Mr. Cupple.

"It's been quite a romance all round," said Mrs. Fratters, surveying the brightly lit restaurant appreciatively. "Like a story out of a book, isn't it? You save Jack's life and he marries Vera; I save yours and we get married. We're going to be one big happy family."

"Young people have their way to make in life," said Mr. Bickerdike, scowling at his assistant. "I'm sure a young feller with character like Jack prefers to fight his own battles. He's the independent sort. I admire him for it."

"Oh, *they* are all right," said Mrs. Fratters. "Vera's nest-egg will give them a flying start."

"Nest-egg?" echoed Mr. Bickerdike.

"That £11,000 she won," explained the widow.

Mr. Bickerdike clawed at the tablecloth. His suffused eye met Mr. Cupple's. There was wild surprise in both, but the joy in one was absent in the other.

"But I thought *you* won it!" raved Mr. Bickerdike, wheeling upon his beloved.

"It was in my name, of course," said the widow, smiling—"Vera being under age. But she won it. She does the coupons. I told her to say nothing about it so she wouldn't have a lot of no-goods chasing her for it. I told her that perhaps I might get married again, and then I should never have to touch a penny of it. And I shan't now. Now," she added, patting the crushed grocer till he wobbled, "now that I've got you, dear, shall I?"

But Mr. Bickerdike did not answer. He stared sightlessly across the restaurant, his ears already ringing with the raucous mirth of two defeated suitors.

"Life is what you make it, *I* always say!"

THIS WEEK'S COVER

THE FLAT RACING season is here again, and the cover artist, Gilbert Wilkinson, gives his impression of the training gallops at Newmarket that lead up to it all: the stables there have been preparing for the season since January. Though he has an artist's eye for a horse, Wilkinson advises punters to fall back on the good old pin technique for the Lincoln.

Boyish awe for enlarged model of tsetse fly. Science has a new drug to beat the tsetse menace to Africa's cattle

NATURE MAY CHEAT DRUGS

by ISABEL LOMAS

Familiarity breeds contempt. Nature herself is that way, too. A drug may do wonders, then meet resistance. And the fight starts all over again

WHEN THE DISCOVERY of antrycide, the newest of the wonder drugs, was announced three months ago, the Colonial Office sponsored a high-powered Press conference and the drug was greeted with more hullabaloo than that which attended the birth of penicillin.

It was said that this drug would end the tsetse fly diseases which make the raising of cattle impossible in most of tropical Africa; that it would mean we could create in Africa a huge beef industry which would end our meat rationing and our dependence on supplies from the Argentine.

But before antrycide can do this, there are many ifs and buts that have to be overcome. One very important "if" that may have to be considered is Nature herself.

Nature is never static. Past experience shows that no sooner does science produce a wonder drug than Nature seems to fight back at it and cheat the scientists of their triumph.

There are scores of germs which used to cause many deaths before the sulphonamide era. Sulphonamides knocked out most of them and the remainder became resistant—sulphonamide-resistant.

Penicillin was a triumphant wonder drug—and now there are scores of strains of staphylococci and other germs which are penicillin-resistant. Streptomycin is the most promising recent development in the treatment of tuberculosis—and now tubercle germs are developing resistance to streptomycin.

D.D.T. is another wonder drug—yet Italian public health experts are wondering how to tackle a new generation of house flies that thrives on D.D.T.

The same thing may happen to antrycide. Nature may develop a resistance to the drug, and the tsetse fly, which has been described as "practically the ruler of much of Africa today," may once more gain the upper hand.

Livingstone Halted

One of the African journeys undertaken by the famous Dr. Livingstone had to stop at the Tamunak'le River. He was told that on the other side of the river all his oxen would develop nagana and die. Years later it was shown that the nagana which killed cattle and the sleeping sickness which killed their native owners were much the same kind of disease. Both were due to trypanosomes—disease-producing parasites spread by the blood-sucking tsetse flies.

One epidemic of sleeping sickness, or trypanosomiasis, wiped out two-thirds of the native population of Uganda in 1901. Similar epidemics of nagana had the same disastrous effects on all the cattle in much more than half of tropical Africa.

It took ten years' research to find out just how the different trypanosomes were carried from one animal to the rest or from one human to another by tsetse flies. It took another ten years to develop effectively two parallel lines of attack.

If you can cure all the people in one area of trypanosomiasis, there are no trypanosomes left for the tsetse flies to carry. If you can destroy all the tsetse flies in one area, there can be no further spread of the trypanosomes and the diseases they cause in man and animals.

Human trypanosomiasis can be detected and cured by certain preparations of arsenic and antimony. This was done between the wars by a League of Nations Commission, which made elaborate arrangements so that every year seven million natives were examined and, when necessary, treated.

At the same time several methods were developed to prevent tsetse fly breeding. In some areas the tsetse flies breed in thickets and jungle undergrowth. Clearing away this vegetation reduces the population of tsetse flies.

In other parts of Africa, tsetse flies get most of the blood on which they live from wild game, especially antelopes. Wiping out game gets rid of these tsetse flies and means that in a cleared area men and cattle can live safely without the risk of getting trypanosomiasis.

Southern Rhodesia has cleared the tsetse fly from 10,000 square miles of territory by destroying all game there. This cost £18 a square mile, but it gave Southern Rhodesia 10,000 more square miles of healthy grazing grounds.

Anchau, in the Emirate of Zaria in Northern Nigeria, is a model community housing 70,000 natives in an area from which the tsetse fly has been banished. Here the rank vegetation has been cleared away to make a healthy tsetse-free corridor right across what was a black man's grave which no white man ever entered.

But it would take 500 years to make the whole of tropical Africa one vast Anchau. Elsewhere the tsetse reigns.

The best that can be done is to detect and treat the cases of human trypanosomiasis. Human life is prolonged and population increases—but cattle continue to die from nagana.

Now antrycide will tackle nagana.

Killing the Killers

Antrycide is important because it will quickly kill the trypanosomes that kill cattle, horses, donkeys, dogs and camels.

It was discovered at the I.C.I. laboratories in Manchester by the team that found paludrine, the anti-malarial drug that was desperately needed during the war to replace quinine, almost all of which fell into the hands of the Japs.

In their work on the group of chemicals from which paludrine was derived, the team found a number of substances which seemed to have some slight effect on tsetse-borne trypanosomiasis in mice.

This oddity was noted four years ago and was carefully investigated. Soon there was recorded a surprising difference. Some of these chemicals had a slight but useful effect on mouse trypanosomiasis. Others destroyed the trypanosomes completely. Eagerly this clue was followed. The effect of hundreds of slightly different chemical compounds was tried out on mice infected with trypanosomes.

Finally, the most effective compound in this group was isolated as M7555, and it is now known as antrycide.

This white crystalline powder is something more than a cure for trypanosomiasis in mice. Mice given an injection under the skin cannot be infected by trypanosome-carrying tsetse flies for at least twenty-eight days, perhaps much longer.

The I.C.I. team learnt all they could from white mice. Then half a dozen of them took a supply of antrycide out to the Sudan and Central Africa. They proved that single doses injected under the skin of the animal will cure with ease and safety trypanosomiasis in cattle, horses, dogs, donkeys and camels. It is hoped that the single dose will also prevent reinfection by tsetse flies for at least some months.

Suppose all these hopes are fulfilled, do we get beef from Africa not tomorrow, but the day after? Obviously not. It may take five or ten years before we get beef in large quantities from Africa.

White Man's Magic

It will take time to produce the antrycide and distribute it, though I.C.I. claims that in the next twelve months it will produce enough to treat two million animals.

It may take much longer to make conservative native farmers accept this new kind of white man's magic. It will also take a lot of time and labour merely to catch two million cattle and stick large syringes into their hides.

Once these ifs and buts are safely bypassed, Africa may make a great and welcome contribution to our national larder—provided that Nature will let it.

By curing human trypanosomiasis and leaving nagana to kill the cattle we effectively upset the balance of nature in Africa. Antrycide may restore the balance. Even then Nature may come back at us with some type of trypanosome, triumphantly carried by a gleeful, antrycide-resistant tsetse fly.

If that happens the scientists will have to fight it out all over again.

Traitor's Island

by MARTHA ALBRAND

At all costs Acuto must be stopped from giving the game away. Already Webb's investigations were near the truth. Carlo knew one way of guarding his secret

WEBB CARR, LONDON CHIEF of an American legal firm, visits the Italian island of San Ricci to check the authenticity of a priceless Titian painting, the property of the de Cresti family, which has been offered for sale in New York.

It is not his first visit: years before he hid in the palace when sent to the island as a special agent to contact partisans.

At that time the only member of the de Cresti family living in the palace had been Julie, young widow of a murdered partisan. She had shielded him until they had been betrayed to the Germans.

Now, Webb finds the family in residence. Carlo, Julie's cousin, a rising young politician, and the only surviving male member of the family, tells him the painting must have been stolen, and that no de Cresti would ever sell a family heirloom.

But he is lying, for Carlo has himself sold the painting, without his grandmother Francesca's consent.

Worried by Webb's investigations, he tries to break the Englishman's friendship with Julie. Carlo's plans for Julie involve an arranged marriage with a wealthy young nobleman.

Meanwhile, in the village, Webb learns that Augusto, one of his wartime helpers, has been accused and killed for the betrayal to the Germans. Luigi, an old waiter, and a relative of the dead man, tells him, however, that Augusto was merely a scapegoat, and that the real traitor is still at large.

Unable to rest with this on his mind, Webb visits Serafina, Augusto's widow, who has been ostracized by the villagers. She proves to him that her husband could not have betrayed him, and hints that either Lunati, a doctor, Pancaldi, a lawyer, or Julie herself might have been the guilty one.

Then, Webb receives a telegram revealing the name of the agent who sold the Titian—Acuto, a shady Milan dealer. He goes to see him. Acuto has meanwhile had another visitor, Carlo de Cresti. But not wishing to speak to him before he has seen Webb, Acuto does not open the door to him. He watches through a chink in the curtains as Carlo departs.

PART V

Acuto Shows His Hand

QUICKLY then Acuto took from the safe a small envelope, and from the envelope a sheet of paper—the bill of sale, signed by himself and Carlo de Cresti. But besides this written contract there had been another, oral one, a gentlemen's agreement not to sell the painting before seven years had passed.

Acuto smiled as he put the contract back into the farthest corner of the safe, before he began to lock away his rubies and emeralds and diamonds. Gradually the smile faded and he began to whistle softly to himself. Times had changed. Carlo de Cresti was no longer a poor young aristocrat in desperate need of money.

The very money Acuto had paid him for the Titian had made this young man a powerful figure in Italy. A man whose political connections could be more effective than Acuto's wealth. It was out of caution, therefore, that Acuto had decided to see Webster Carr before facing de Cresti.

Webb didn't arrive in Milan until late afternoon, and he was tired and nervous when he finally found a cab outside the main railway station. When the taxi, after a long drive through the scarred city, finally stopped in front of a tenement, one in an endless row of drab, ugly, four-storey buildings, Webb started seriously to doubt that the man he was to meet here could be the secret owner of the Titian.

Acuto, quite deliberately, did nothing to make it easier for his visitor to guess at the part he had played in the whole transaction.

He sat the way he liked to sit, not behind his desk but in a corner of his office, in a rocking chair between the window and a large iron stove, feeding the parrot on his shoulder from a bag of dried sunflower seeds. But his eyes were fixed on the small round mirror outside his window, which allowed him to watch the street. He did not rise to open the door, just pressed a button. Even when Webb entered, he remained seated.

Webb saw a medium-sized man in a grimy blue suit and bare feet. Very small feet with strong high arches, like the well-trained feet of a ballet dancer, dangling below the slightly worn cuffs of his trousers. A pair of shoes, shiny and almost new, stood on the floor a few inches away.

Acuto began to laugh. "Have a seat, please, *Signore*," he said. "You see, I was poor for so long that when I finally could afford shoes, I couldn't learn to feel comfortable in them."

Webb came directly to the point. "Signor Acuto, Mr. Suter has told you why I came to Italy."

He looked at Acuto's face. He was a personality not easily classified. Acuto had the face of an old man, in which only the eyes were young—small, shrewd, alert eyes whose glance never betrayed his thoughts. His nose was broken, his mouth large and red, its corners bent in eternal negation above a strong, short chin.

When Acuto did not answer, Webb repeated his remark about Suter. Acuto acted as if he had not heard. He had found, from long experience, that nothing worked quite so well as silence to make another volunteer information. Life had taught him that most errors were the result of haste, of insufficient reflection.

So he said slowly, careful not to commit himself, "Signor Suter? The Swiss, you mean? He has relatives here with whom I sometimes do business."

Webb leaned forward. "I assume you know about the Titian. No deal will be closed before I've convinced myself that it has not been stolen."

It was Webb's tone rather than his words which made Acuto realize what he had refused to believe until then: that Suter's word, though highly regarded, was not good enough, and that if Mr. Carr didn't get proof, the whole deal would fall through and Acuto would have to give up the money now being held for him in Switzerland.

He flicked his fingers and let the parrot flutter back into its cage. Webb, watching him, said with precise intonation, so that each word took on a quality of great importance, "And may I assure you, *Signore*, that any information you give me will be treated confidentially."

But Acuto had learned never to trust any promise. The Titian not only represented a great financial investment; it was a painting of outstanding artistic value. Its sale would be mentioned in the papers, and once his name was known it might easily slip into print.

He had to measure carefully the trouble Webb might cause him against the difficulties Carlo de Cresti would bring about.

He asked: "Have you seen many people in connection with the Titian?"

"No. Only the de Crestis, whom I knew as the owners of the Titian when I was last here."

"During the war?"

"Yes, during the war."

Acuto began to smile. The Englishman was as cautious as he was. "And now you are back in England? Where do you live? In London?"

Webb, nodding in the affirmative, lit a cigarette. Turning to look for an ashtray, he saw the shadows of the iron bars outside the windows thrown against the dirty grey walls of the small room, and suddenly wondered if Acuto had other reasons for being afraid.

"So you live in London?" Acuto was saying in his clear, penetrating voice. "I hope one day to visit your country, though I think I will make my home in America."

At that point Webb decided that Acuto had been the owner of the Titian, that this shabby little man had really owned a painting whose value was great enough to give him a start in a foreign country.

"Tell me, Signor Carr, whom did you see of the de Crestis? To whom did you talk? To the old lady or to the grandson? Or perhaps the young ladies?"

"I saw them all. As far as the Titian is concerned, Mr. Acuto, I am confronted, as you perhaps know, with two different assertions—the New York dealer and Mr. Suter, who have given their word of honour that the painting has lawfully changed hands, and Carlo de Cresti, who insists that it was stolen."

Acuto understood perfectly. He began to rock gently. He would have to make up his mind whether he was going to trust Carr, or settle privately with de Cresti, or let the deal fall through for the time being.

"Would you trust me if I guaranteed that the Titian was not stolen, Signor?"

RISING, Webb walked over to the window and stood there gazing out into the broad, crowded street. A small group of children had gathered directly under the window, playing marbles.

Acuto or de Cresti, which of the two was he to trust? One of them was lying. He found, to his own surprise that, if forced to make a choice, he would take the word of the bare-footed old man in the rocking chair against that of charming, ambitious Carlo de Cresti.

But when he turned he gave the answer Acuto had expected. "It would make no difference, *Signore*, if I personally trusted you. My office wants proof."

Acuto began to rock more quickly. He felt fairly sure that neither Carr nor his client in America had any reason to cause difficulties.

He thought of showing him the contract, yet he knew that Carlo de Cresti, enraged about the sale, would retaliate. Though he could no longer claim it was a theft, he could denounce him, and once the police took up the matter Manfredo Acuto would land in prison for smuggling a valuable painting, for evading income tax, for dealing in the black market.

He had, therefore, to settle the matter with Carlo, convince him somehow—if necessary, with money—to arrange his own affairs with his family. He will be back, thought Acuto. If he doesn't come tonight, he'll come tomorrow.

"All right. I might be able to bring you proof, show you the contract. Will you come back, Signor Carr?"

"When?"

Suddenly it seemed incongruous, almost too fantastic, for Webb to believe that a man who looked more like a junk dealer than an art connoisseur could be the owner of the Titian.

Once more Webb's eyes and mind were attracted by the bare feet pushing the chair into motion. Children growing up in mountainous terrain had feet like those—feet trained for long, hazardous walks. Webb told himself that it was much more likely that Acuto had been the one to smuggle the Titian across the mountains into Switzerland than that he had ever possessed it himself.

"It's Thursday today," said Acuto. "Come back on Saturday. . . . No, better make it Monday. Monday afternoon. Goodbye until then, Signor Carr."

CARLO DE CRESTI came back at midnight, when, like the night before, the Corso Vittorio lay in the dim light of the few lanterns and the tenement building was finally quiet with sleep.

Not daring to come during the day, when he might be recognized, he had been forced to wait, and with each hour of delay his fury had mounted. Not since he had sold his grandmother's Titian to Acuto had he seen him again, and a new wave of anger lashed through him at the sight of Acuto sitting there, barefooted in his rocking chair, in his

dirty, unswept office. He cursed himself for having needed this man, and for making himself dependent on him.

"Swine," he said, "what made you think you could break your word to me?"

His temper failed to make any impression on Acuto. "Good evening, Conte de Cresti," he answered, ignoring Carlo's mood. "What lucky wind blew you into my room? I was just thinking of asking you to pay me a visit."

Though he spoke without irony, Carlo felt himself being mocked. Acuto's very politeness increased his rage.

"Did you thing I wouldn't hear of your attempted sale? Titians are not available every day."

"Allow me to correct you, Conte de Cresti. The painting has been sold. The momentary difficulties are quite unexpected on my part."

All evening Acuto had sat, trying to figure out exactly what Carlo had wanted from him last night, and since he knew only people who needed money to live, to bribe, to gamble, he had found no other explanation.

He remarked amiably, "Maybe you and I can come to a new agreement. How much do you want?"

"You think I would trust you again?" Carlo rose from his chair and pushed it back angrily. "What a fool you are! I don't want money! I want you to cancel the sale at once! I want you to get the Titian back to Italy or——"

It was a long time since anyone had tried to give Acuto orders or dared to threaten him. He straightened up a little. "Or, Conte de Cresti?"

SUDDENLY they could hear the night outside. The dripping of water from the water tap in the passage, the whimpering of a child in its troubled sleep, and the miaow of a cat hunting on the street. Acuto and de Cresti, aware that they were caught in the same net, that neither could get out without the other's assistance, looked at each other with helpless hatred.

It was Acuto who spoke first. He said soothingly, "I realize, of course, that it might be disagreeable for you to mention the affair to your family, but I should think they would understand that at the time there was no other way to obtain money. They certainly would keep it a secret."

"Secret?" Carlo began to laugh. "Secret? Do you think they kept the theft a secret? Everybody knows—not only my family. Friends, acquaintances, the whole neighbourhood. What could I have done but insist that it was stolen? And now you think, because you broke your word, I'm going to let you make liars out of all of us?"

This was something Acuto had not known. He had assumed that the story of the theft had been made up solely to delay Carr.

"I didn't ask you to lie to anybody, to spread a rumour that the Titian had been stolen." But he knew that he should have judged Carlo better. He had been a fool to attempt a sale before leaving Italy. He began to rock again. Why hadn't he gone? For once, Acuto was honest with himself. His greed to make still more money was only part of his staying. The real reason was that deep down he dreaded living in another country. Only his daughter, Maria, he thought, his glance wandering to her photograph on his desk, only Maria should go. Soon. As soon as possible.

"I didn't ask you to lie," he said again.

"You mean I should never have trusted you."

"Perhaps. But times have changed, Conte de Cresti. You may not be afraid of political developments here. I am."

"I just hope for the day," said Carlo, "when people like you will be strung up on the highest tree."

"You didn't think so when you needed my money. When you tried to convince me that it was to my advantage to buy your Titian."

Carlo swung around sharply. Without the contract he had no weapon against Acuto. His entire future would be ruined. He stepped closer. "Enough of arguing. You broke the agreement, therefore you will have to return the contract of the sale."

Acuto did not answer. The contract was the only proof he had against de Cresti's word; the proof the Englishman wanted before the deal could be closed.

He could never part with it. Carlo, to cover his own lie, would have to try to regain the Titian.

The moment he possessed the contract he would be free to go to court. What judge would take the word of a usurious moneylender against that of a well-known aristocrat who played an important part in the social and political life of the country?

"No," said Acuto. "That I cannot

ILLUSTRATED BY WILLIAM LITTLE

Acuto looked up and sat petrified, staring at the pistol. "No cock would crow after you," said Carlo. "The world would be grateful if I killed you"

do." And he returned to the axis on which he thought the world moved. "I offer you herewith an additional one million lire as a compensation for the part of the agreement I was unable to keep."

Carlo shook his head, not violently, but quietly, and Acuto noticed the difference.

"All right; two million lire."

"Save your breath, Acuto. I told you what I want."

Unexpectedly, Acuto felt lost, and his own helplessness shocked him. "Well, give me time. I have to think it over. It is late already. Let's talk tomorrow."

"Not tomorrow. No. Do you think I can risk being accused of having helped smuggle the Titian out of Italy? That is what people will say the moment it hangs on some museum wall in America. I want the contract now."

Time, thought Acuto; all I need is time. A few hours. Less.

"I understand," he said. "I understand perfectly. Let me sleep on it."

"To give you a chance to leave?"

Carlo lit a cigarette, drew at it and crushed it in the ash tray, and noticed in the flat glass bowl two or three half-smoked English cigarettes. There was, perhaps, no reason to assume that in all of Milan only Webster Carr smoked an English brand, but Carlo thought immediately of Webb.

He didn't take time to reflect, didn't think of possible cables exchanged between Carr and his office or that the dealer might have had to notify Acuto of how matters stood; he took it as a proof that Acuto had seen Carr. But knowing Acuto to be a careful man, he also knew that he would not have really committed himself yet.

Now he had to act quickly. But whatever Acuto might have said could be refuted only if Carlo possessed the contract. He made an unexpected movement, and Acuto sat petrified, staring at the pistol aimed at him.

"Hand over the contract."

"Don't be a fool."

"Where do you keep it?"

ACUTO tried again. "What good would it do you to murder me?" As the gun moved in Carlo's impatient hand, time swung sharply back for Acuto and he was a boy again, running for his life.

"Don't think I wouldn't shoot you," said Carlo. "I was in the war too long. I've killed people who had never done me any harm, people I didn't know, who were probably honourable and decent. What are you but scum? No cock would crow after you. Murder? I think the world would be grateful if I killed you."

Suddenly Acuto understood that Carlo meant what he said. In his desk lay his own gun. He lifted himself in his chair. "I'll get the keys."

"I'll get them. Tell me where they are and don't move."

Acuto looked again at his desk, but now only at the picture of his daughter. Then he pushed his right hand into the pocket of his coat. Carlo, with one hand, caught the small bunch of keys. They jingled softly.

"Where is the safe?"

Acuto pointed to the wall, thinking desperately. At no point in his life had he ever given up.

When Carlo rose, he saw Acuto's eyes and sat down again. "You get it," he said.

An expression close to desperation came over Acuto's face, but he left his chair. He walked slowly across the room, pressed the button which made the fake wall roll back, inserted the key and turned it. He took out from the farthest corner the envelope at which he had looked only last night.

It was when Carlo reached for the contract, a triumphant smile pulling at his

Continued on page 23

I'd never worry about the sight of a beautiful human body

IF I WERE CENSOR

by HERBERT HODGE

WITH THE QUESTION of theatre censorship being raised again, I've naturally been thinking what I'd do if I were censor—especially after reading about the parson who interrupted a play the other week because he disagreed with its moral outlook.

Of course, whenever I fall into day-dreaming about myself as censor I see myself as Lord High Censor, with powers over all kinds of entertainment—including books and radio as well as films and plays.

Not that I believe in censorship—for myself. As a writer, I want to be free to write what I think about any subject whatever. And as a reader, filmgoer, playgoer and the rest, I don't feel I need any censors to guard me from moral harm. I'm quite willing to take the risk of being corrupted, so long as I'm left free to judge for myself.

I've noticed that most would-be censors seem to feel much as I do—about themselves. They never seem to mind taking the risk of being corrupted when they feel it their duty to look at a suspected film, play or book to see if it's fit for other people. It's always the other people they worry about.

Personally, I find it difficult to believe that what hasn't corrupted me is likely to corrupt other people. So perhaps I wouldn't make a very good censor after all.

I've sometimes thought that a really successful censor needs to have an extraordinarily dirty mind.

Men Like Gods

Some years ago, I was invited to see, privately, a recruiting film made for the R.A.F. It was one of the most beautiful films I've ever seen—a picture of young men developing their bodies in the open air. And what with the scenery and the way those living human forms fitted into it, the whole thing gave me a wonderful experience—a feeling of having visited a woodland paradise and mingled there with men like gods, striding gloriously under the sky.

When it was over I tried to say something of what I felt. But the man who'd shown it to me smiled tolerantly and shook his head. "The censors," he pointed out, "won't pass it."

I asked him what the reason was. Believe it or not, I'd been so absorbed in the beauty of the film that I'd completely overlooked what the censors—viewing it through their peculiar mental spy-glasses—had pounced on at once.

The young men, like the trees, weren't wearing trousers—or anything in lieu of them. Therefore, from the censors' point of view, they weren't fit to be seen.

Of course, if the scene of the film had been a drawing-room I should have noticed this absence of trousers immediately. But the scene being what it was, there was nothing to strike a jarring note. I was no more surprised at the sight of the men without trousers than I was by the sight of the trees without trousers. It all seemed quite natural to me.

So Many Are So Ugly

No—if I were censor, I'd never worry about the sight of the human body on the stage or screen. I'm quite convinced that the sight of a healthy human body never did anyone any harm. The only sound reason for hiding our bodies is because so many of them are so ugly. If we all got more opportunity to see the few really beautiful bodies, we might be encouraged to take more pride in developing our own.

If I were censor I'd make only one rule. Wherever there was a woman doing a strip-tease act, there would have to be a man in the programme doing it, too—an ordinarily dressed man. I once saw a man strip-teasing in a Herbert Farjeon revue, and I've never forgotten it. The sight of him trying to hold his fascinating pose and struggle out of his braces at the same time was so deliciously funny that it killed all other strip-tease acts stone dead.

What I'd concentrate on, if I were censor, would not so much concern sex as the false ideas of human happiness given by many of our films, plays and novels — and particularly by some American films. The idea, for instance, that the secret of happiness is "making money"; and that almost any trick or deception is justifiable so long as it helps you to make more money than the next man.

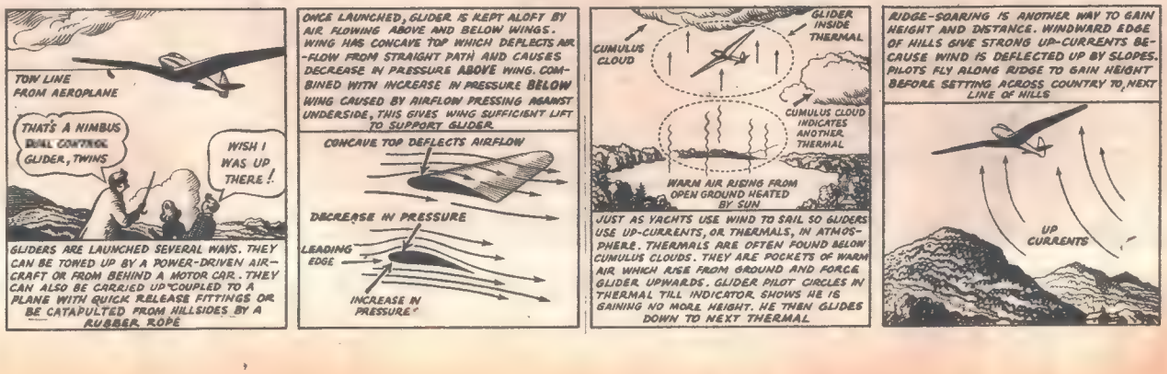
The idea that only mugs try to be honest, or to earn a living by doing useful work, is one that runs through too much of our modern entertainment.

That kind of immorality, it seems to me, is far more dangerous to young people starting out in life than the sight of a naked human body, or most of the other stuff that the professional and amateur censors worry about. But the job of tackling it is, perhaps, more one for the critics than the censors.

It's a rottenness than can be more easily cured by being constantly shown up than by being banned.

UNCLE ANDY

What Keeps a Glider Going?


TOW LINE FROM AEROPLANE
THAT'S A NIMBUS DUAL CONTROL GLIDER, TWINS
WISH I WAS UP THERE!
GLIDERS ARE LAUNCHED SEVERAL WAYS. THEY CAN BE TOWED UP BY A POWER-DRIVEN AIRCRAFT OR FROM BEHIND A MOTOR CAR. THEY CAN ALSO BE CARRIED UP COUPLED TO A PLANE WITH QUICK RELEASE FITTINGS OR BE CATAPULTED FROM HILLSIDES BY A RUBBER ROPE
ONCE LAUNCHED, GLIDER IS KEPT ALOFT BY AIR FLOWING ABOVE AND BELOW WINGS. WING HAS CONCAVE TOP WHICH DEFLECTS AIR-FLOW FROM STRAIGHT PATH AND CAUSES DECREASE IN PRESSURE ABOVE WING. COMBINED WITH INCREASE IN PRESSURE BELOW WING CAUSED BY AIRFLOW PRESSING AGAINST UNDERSIDE, THIS GIVES WING SUFFICIENT LIFT TO SUPPORT GLIDER.
CONCAVE TOP DEFLECTS AIRFLOW
DECREASE IN PRESSURE
LEADING EDGE
INCREASE IN PRESSURE
CUMULUS CLOUD
GLIDER INSIDE THERMAL
CUMULUS CLOUD INDICATES ANOTHER THERMAL
WARM AIR RISING FROM OPEN GROUND HEATED BY SUN
JUST AS YACHTS USE WIND TO SAIL SO GLIDERS USE UP-CURRENTS, OR THERMALS, IN ATMOSPHERE. THERMALS ARE OFTEN FOUND BELOW CUMULUS CLOUDS. THEY ARE POCKETS OF WARM AIR WHICH RISE FROM GROUND AND FORCE GLIDER UPWARDS. GLIDER PILOT CIRCLES IN THERMAL TILL INDICATOR SHOWS HE IS GAINING NO MORE HEIGHT. HE THEN GLIDES DOWN TO NEXT THERMAL
RIDGE-SOARING IS ANOTHER WAY TO GAIN HEIGHT AND DISTANCE. WINDWARD EDGE OF HILLS GIVE STRONG UP-CURRENTS BECAUSE WIND IS DEFLECTED UP BY SLOPES. PILOTS FLY ALONG RIDGE TO GAIN HEIGHT BEFORE SETTING ACROSS COUNTRY TO NEXT LINE OF HILLS
UP CURRENTS

JOHN BULL March 19 1949

THE GREEN-FINGER PROFESSIONAL

by HUGH CASTLE

It's a risky affair forecasting gardening tastes. In the vogue now: fuchsias, asters, michaelmas daisies

GET TO KNOW a nurseryman and you are certain to find him a philosopher, for ministering to the needs of millions of enthusiastic gardeners is by no means simple. A man may use up space, labour, time and a lot of money developing some new flower—and the public may turn its thumbs down. There are fashions in plants just as there are fashions in clothes.

At present they tell me that the most popular of all plants, at least in the south of England, are dahlias and chrysanthemums, both autumn flowers. In the far north, dahlias have a shorter season, and so are not so popular.

But these two have not always led the field; far from it. In grandmother's time, for instance, fuchsias were wildly popular. Everybody had them. Suddenly they went out, and just before the war you hardly saw them at all. Now they are coming back and the nurseries are at this moment bringing on tens of thousands of fuchsias in their cool houses ready for planting out in May.

Just before the war, too, there was a fad for water gardens and aquatic plants. Now they are not so popular, perhaps because ornamental fish are so dear.

Here are some of the plants which are in the vogue nowadays: China asters, which you can raise yourself in a cold frame from sixpennyworth of seed; michaelmas daisies, which have had a sudden upsurge of popularity through the appearance on the market of three outstanding new varieties called Peace, Plenty and Prosperity.

The Non-stop Favourites

Pyrethrums are said to be getting more popular each year, chiefly because they cut so well; the same applies to scabious. For indoor growing the vogue now is for primulas and cyclamens; cinerarias are said to be less popular than they were.

Apart from these, there are the non-stop favourites which go on year after year, such as roses, carnations and delphiniums. Even these have to look to their laurels. Professional rose growers say that a good rose only stays popular for about thirty years. The varieties keep on changing.

A good nurseryman has to sense all these fluctuations in gardening taste, or he gets pinched in the bank balance.

No nurseryman ever left a million, and all members of the green-fingered fraternity will tell you that the return on the work and the planning is small. What is important, they enjoy themselves. A nurseryman is an enthusiast. Whereas a man can sell ironmongery and feel no particular warmth for iron, it is quite impossible to raise plants professionally without feeling that subtle, fundamental pleasure which sends millions of us amateurs out into the garden at Easter.

The best way to get the hang of this unusual business is to talk to one of its professors. I chose V. M. Woodman, who has what a doctor might call a general practice just outside London. His father founded the firm back in the 1890s.

Many nurserymen are specialists, perhaps because their soil is particularly suited to one line of produce.

Essex for Seeds

Thus it comes about that much of the seed grown in this country is grown around Marks Tey, in Essex, in well drained soil. Tomato plants, as all gardeners know, are produced mostly around the Lea Valley and in the Worthing district—except small quantities which are grown locally everywhere.

Originally raspberry canes came mainly from Scotland, like potatoes. The strains are then grown on and multiplied in nurseries all over the kingdom. The bulb and gladioli trade is centred chiefly on Lincolnshire and the Fens, with a separate business with its capital in Cornwall and the Scillies.

And so it goes on. There is a firm in Sussex whose carnations are known throughout the world; a firm near St. Albans whose orchids earn dollars for Britain; another down in Hampshire whose flowering shrubs are accepted as the best collection in the business; and another near Bournemouth which produces ericas (heathers) by the tens of thousands.

Out near London Airport is a man who has been known to graft a million stocks for a million apple trees in one year; up near Edinburgh is a rose grower whose name is known in every continent where people grow roses.

These are the consultants, the "Harley Street men" of the business. They are firms which supply not only the public but the trade itself.

But your average nurseryman is an all-rounder, a local man who has built up a connection by acting as guide, philosopher and friend to the gardening enthusiasts in his area.

Judge, Prize-giver . . .

At the local flower show he is expected to give prizes, and probably to act as a judge. He finds himself called into consultation when the horticultural societies are drawing up competition rules. All these things spread the seed of good gardening.

By almost every post Woodman receives plants in various stages of disease. Their owners want to know what is wrong, and what to do about it. Along comes a punctured apple, typical of perhaps thousands on the letter-writer's trees. Woodman throws the apple away and writes back explaining how to deal with codlin moth.

Two of Woodman's staff give cineraria plant an underleaf health check

Frequently Woodman and his colleagues are sent small bags of soil. Does it need more lime? Is it acid? Or they are asked to drive over to a customer's and advise on landscaping a new bit of ground.

No Fee for Odd Jobs

For a big consultation, involving plans and a report, they naturally charge a fee. But when you look into the green-fingered industry you are surprised how many little things are done for nothing.

The headaches of the business are many. Labour is hard to get. Jobbing gardeners are paid so well by ordinary householders that the nurseries are always losing them.

The weather is the chief enemy. The average nurseryman does not actually raise his apples and roses, for instance, from stock.

He buys them from a specialist, puts them in the ground, grows them on, shapes them, lifts them, root prunes them, and at the end of two or three years they are specially suitable for growing in the soil in his neighbourhood. This, all good nurserymen will tell you, is the advantage of the local man.

But while this growing-on process is taking place the nursery is running a severe weather risk. One famous rose man lost eighty per cent of his entire crop in the 1947 frost. Whole acres will sometimes prove a dead loss through drought. The local man may bring on a thousand plants over a period of two or three years—and lose the lot in one night.

An abnormally severe winter, such as that of two years ago, may wipe off hundreds of thousands of pounds' worth of assets in the nursery business.

Just as the local man may buy his original rose and then grow it on for local requirements, so he builds up his stock of herbaceous plants. A new variety of some popular flower is announced in the trade. Woodman and his co-professors buy plants, grow them on in their nursery grounds, divide them up, and watch the stools as they transplant them year by year. It takes five years to make sure that a plant will not "rogue"—uselessly revert to some primitive ancestral type.

When the plant has been cleared, as it were, it goes into the catalogues. It may be a huge success. But by that time the public may be tired of that particular flower, and it may die a natural death. In that case five years' work has been wasted.

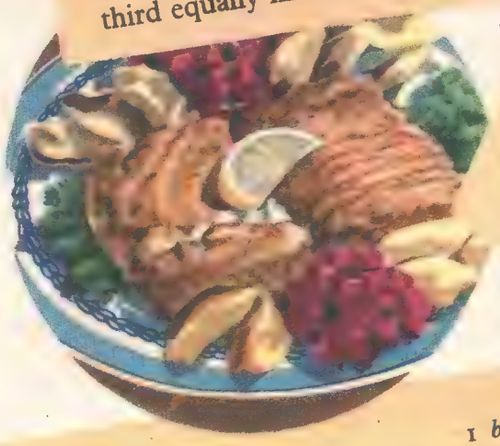
Eight Years to Develop

Allowing for hybridization—the business of cross-pollinating the various varieties of a flower to create a new seedling—it takes between eight and ten years to get a new variety. Some of the specialist flower raisers actually employ hybridists, and their nurseries are more plant laboratories than gardens.

But they, once again, are the "Harley Street men." If you want to see this very personal trade as it really is, you want to see it at your "local"—with its packing bays and its straw yard where the parcels are made up, its stream of gardening queries, and its matey air of being part of the local gardening scene.

SEA FARE is good fare

Fish makes a good main meal; and you can serve it often because it lends itself to so many different ways of cooking. These three recipes for instance — the first deliciously hot, crisp and golden, the second a refreshing cold meal, and the third equally nice hot or cold and excellent for a packed meal.



oven-fried fish

Requires less fat than ordinary frying. *1-1½ lb. fish cut in fillets, salt, pepper, browned breadcrumbs, about 1 oz. fat.* Sprinkle the fillets with salt and pepper, coat with breadcrumbs. Heat the fat in a baking dish, put in the fish and bake in a hot oven for ½ hour. The fish does not need turning.

fish salad

3 tablespoons vinegar, 2 cloves, pinch of pepper, ¾-1 lb. cooked fish, 1 3rd pint stewed or bottled tomatoes, 1 teaspoon of a worcester sauce, 1 lb. shredded raw cabbage, 1 cooked beetroot or ½ lb. fresh tomatoes, 1 bunch watercress. Bring vinegar, cloves and pepper to the boil. Pour over the finely flaked fish and allow to stand for 30 minutes. Add stewed tomatoes and sauce. Arrange fish on bed of shredded cabbage. Decorate with slices of beetroot or tomatoes and watercress.

fish pasties

Shortcrust pastry made with 6 oz. flour, ½ lb. cooked fish, ½ lb. mixed cooked vegetables, 2 level tablespoons chopped parsley, salt and pepper, ¼ pint white sauce, 1 tablespoon vinegar.

Roll out pastry thinly, cut into rounds about 6-in. diameter. Flake fish, mix with the other ingredients and season well. Put a portion of mixture on half of each circle of pastry, fold over, seal the edges and bake in a moderate oven about 25-30 minutes. Serve hot with parsley sauce or cold with salad.

Fish Facts

Fish contains the same quality and practically the same quantity of body-building nourishment as meat. In addition, oily fish (such as herring, mackerel and sprats), provides vitamins A and D. Fish is easily digested; that is why so many athletes train on fish!

C.16

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF FOOD

MF

Traitor's Island

Continued from page 20

mouth, that anger and despair drove Acuto to a last attempt to defend his position. But nothing in his face betrayed his intention.

He stood as before, motionless, keeping his shoulders and the upper part of his body under perfect control, but his right leg shot out, his small, strong foot hit the gun in Carlo's hand and sent it flying across the floor. Carlo, careless in his eagerness to seize the paper, was taken by surprise. Like lightning, Acuto was on him.

Despite his age, the old man was strong, his body still agile. Carlo lost his balance. Without the gun he had no longer any advantage. Their fight was silent, breathless. They rolled across the floor, their bodies linked in deathly embrace, and bumped into the desk. Carlo, breathing painfully under Acuto's weight, reached out one groping hand to brace himself. He touched one of the legs of the desk, held on, trying to pull himself up, but the desk gave, slid away. Maria's picture came sliding across the shiny top, fell close to them, glass splintering.

For no longer than a second Acuto looked at it, looked at the face of his daughter, staring up at him from the bent frame. And as he thought that nothing must ever happen to jeopardize Maria's chances in life, his grip on Carlo loosened.

Carlo used this instant. With one wide powerful gesture he pushed Acuto off and sprang to his feet. Just as quickly Acuto picked himself up and came at him again, but somehow his strength had left him. Carlo threw him off and Acuto fell, his head hitting the iron edge of the sawdust stove, and he lay still.

Only the chair, which he had touched in his fall, started to rock, and behind the green cloth the parrot screeched.

THERE was no train that made connections with Orta, and, rather than spend a night in Novara, Webb stayed in Milan.

As he walked through the city, which still bore the scars of war, he gradually forgot Acuto and all the implications of their talk, and back into his troubled, stubborn mind came the question he had been forced to neglect for the Titian. And thinking that he had achieved nothing in his search, he remembered Serafina telling him that Pancaldi had moved from Pella to Milan—Pancaldi, who had been one of the four he had trusted, who, like Augusto, Lunati and Julie, had known the secret of his hiding place.

Webb found the address in the post office listings.

There was no lift and Webb climbed five flights before he found the right door. As he climbed those stairs, trying to remember this man's face, whom he had last seen four years ago in a heavy rainstorm in the meadows near Pella, he could suddenly recall Pancaldi's voice — a high, thin voice, babbling on in a constant murmur. Talking endlessly about himself, about the state of the world, about politics, economics, philosophy.

Presently Webb heard steps approaching the door, a small click, and, looking up, saw an eye pressed against the small round peephole. A second later Pancaldi opened.

"Maybe you've forgotten me," Webb began.

"I never forget a face. Good evening, Signor Carr."

Webb looked at his host, a rather thin young man, ugly except for his surprisingly large soft eyes. Already he was losing his hair, which made his forehead appear even higher and his large thin ears more prominent.

"Well," said Webb, "I must confess, Pancaldi, I'm a little let down that you don't show any surprise at seeing me alive."

Pancaldi smiled the thin smile that Webb remembered. He sat down in the green leather chair before the desk, tapping the tips of his fingers quickly together.

"Did you plan to surprise me? Well, you're right, I'm not surprised. I always expected you to turn up one day . . . just to find out who was to blame for your betrayal."

"What made you think I was alive?"

Pancaldi continued to smile. "The Germans didn't shoot all their Allied prisoners. I doubt if your friend—I forget his name—would have been killed if he hadn't resisted. They only murdered us, the Italians."

"And you? Why didn't they shoot you, then?"

Pancaldi's smile deepened; then suddenly, as if some invisible hand had wiped it off, vanished altogether. "Simply because I didn't give them any chance. When I saw the beam of their headlights lighting up Orta, I knew something was wrong, and when they raced across the lake and stopped at the island, I didn't lose any time. I took whatever food was in the house and fled to the mountains to join a group of partisans."

He had spoken quickly, softly, without looking at Webb; now he turned his revolving chair and faced him.

"If you've come to find out if it was I who betrayed you, Mr. Carr, there are dozens of people, former comrades, who will confirm that I speak the truth."

From his desk he took out a clear white bottle. "*Grappa*, home-made," he said, passing a glass to Webb. "Your health."

WEBB sat, glass in hand, watching the light glitter on the colourless liquid, so that it seemed suddenly yellow, like golden wine.

"If it wasn't you, then who was it?"

Pancaldi shook his head gently. "I'm sorry, Carr. I don't think I can help you."

"You may not know any facts, Pancaldi, but surely you have wondered yourself who could have been the traitor?" Pancaldi poured himself another drink, and Webb said quickly, "I was told that it was Augusto."

"Poor fellow. He was perhaps the only honest man I knew."

"And Lunati was mentioned."

"Wrong again. He ruined his own career because he wouldn't play along with Mussolini."

"Who, then?"

"Why do you insist?" asked Pancaldi, shaking his balding head. "Didn't you notice that I tried to avoid giving you an answer? I have no desire to make enemies of powerful people."

"I promise not to implicate you."

Pancaldi lifted his glass to his lips, but didn't drink. "Well, I wonder why you didn't find out by yourself. There was only one person who knew about everything. You told her yourself. Giulia de Cresti."

"You're crazy," said Webb.

"You may not have known that the de Crestis were in financial difficulties," Pancaldi began. "They always lived far above their income. The *palazzo* on San Ricci, the estate near Verona, the villa in Rome. Dozens of servants at a time when the income from their estates could hardly pay for the upkeep of one house. None of them had any flair for business. They lived as their ancestors used to, throwing around money they did not have. Arrogant and brutal when their interests were threatened. I know all about them. I worked in their lawyer's office for a time. They had nothing but debts."

"That's too fantastic. Julie was a child of seventeen then. Too young to handle intricate business affairs or even to be interested in them."

"No de Cresti ever had any interest but the family. You don't know them."

"You're talking nonsense. They could have tried other ways of obtaining money. After all, they could have sold some of their valuables, their paintings."

Pancaldi shook his head. "Never," he said. "They would never part with anything they owned; certainly not with the family heirlooms they treasured so highly. You are free to believe what you want. To me, it is proof enough that suddenly, without explanation, they had money. Debts were cleared, new land was bought, neglected land tilled, repairs were made all over. Carlo de Cresti married and started a political career.

"Where did the means come from? Not from his wife, I assure you. And why was Giulia de Cresti seen lunching with the mayor of Novara two days before the raid? Reinoldi was one of the most powerful Fascists in the whole district. Maybe you've heard in the meantime about the letter delivered to Reinoldi the day of the raid? Well, from what I've heard, I'm pretty sure that there was nothing in the letter. She just used Augusto to deliver a message, so that it would appear he was part of it all.

"It was all settled before he ever went, poor chap, the day she lunched with Reinoldi. But she needed Augusto as a scapegoat, so she could come back after a week or two, unharmed, undaunted, pay off the debts and start to live happily and respected and rich . . . and unsuspected."

"You can't tell me he's been doing good deeds up till this hour of the night"

UGLINESS was offensive to Carlo de Cresti. Whenever he saw Angelina, his grandmother's hunchbacked old maid, he turned his head quickly, pretending not to have noticed her.

Yet there were hours when the discomfort her face and misshapen body caused him had to be ignored because of his need for her.

Angelina, instead of being hurt, accepted Carlo's attitude, not with the sad resignation of someone who knew herself to be repulsive, but with the conviction that this was as it should be. A young and handsome nobleman should want no part of her.

In the huge kitchen of the *palazzo* on San Ricci, she had chosen her place so that she sat opposite an electric contraption which, as in a very modern building, lit up the name plates of the servants rung for in the rooms above, and when Angelina saw hers, the first of the long row, clicking into pink light, she jumped from her chair, clapping her hands like a child over an unexpected present.

She found Carlo in his dressing-room, stretched out on the wide couch, only partly covered with a thin linen sheet. Against the white cloth his skin was very brown, and as he sat up Angelina could see the muscles ripple in his arm. She never tired of watching his body and smelling the odours of a room which was entirely male—eau de Cologne and soap, tobacco and hard liquor.

She was, she knew, not the only one who, when Carlo was away, stole into this long, narrow room under any pretence. Lucretia, manoeuvring her chair along the passage, would wheel into this room, to sit there for a while, very silently, only her nostrils moving slightly. Even Francesca de Cresti on her way downstairs would stop, inventing an excuse, such as making sure there were enough fresh towels or that the cupboards had been aired sufficiently, and spend a minute or two among her grandson's private things.

Angelina looked at Carlo tenderly. He was in a dark mood, she knew, for he never summoned her otherwise.

"Well, you old witch, what's detaining you? Get going."

SMILINGLY, Angelina reached her hand into one of her many pockets, and when she drew it out, it held a deck of very old and very dirty cards.

Quickly, silently, she shuffled them, and for a moment the cards rubbing against one another were the only sound. Then she put them in one heap near Carlo, and, as if this were the first time that she was to turn the cards for him, and not a custom repeated at irregular intervals over many years, whispered, "Three to you, two to me, five to you, seven to me. Now, take the last and keep it face down."

Carlo de Cresti did not even attempt to pretend that this was a game for him. He knew he could not deceive Angelina and he did believe in having his fortune told. As yet, nothing in his experience had disproved his confidence in Angelina's psychic abilities.

Angelina, as always, made the most of this singular opportunity to feel important. "A child born on a Sunday is a lucky child," she said. "Everything will go according to your wishes."

"The stranger?" asked Carlo. "The *Inglese*."

"He will leave in due time." She turned a card and added, "Soon . . . sooner than you think, Conte Carlo."

To be continued next week

FREE SPEECH

POSTWAR CREDITS WHICH have been willed to children, grandchildren or others cannot be claimed until the beneficiaries themselves reach the required age. No insurance company is permitted to include any such fantastic proviso in its prospectus, so why should the Government be able to?

The money should be paid on the date when the original owner would have been paid had he lived on. Any other course is morally wrong and legally indefensible. —E. S. KAY, 18 Queen Mary Terrace, Inverkeithing, Fife.

Building Up Hope

JOURNEYING DAILY through the East End of London, I am constantly delighted to see the rapid progress made in rebuilding the large areas obliterated during the blitz. How good it is to see the maze of scaffolding being erected and the buildings rising out of the ruins! This, more than anything, puts fresh courage into people.—MISS MARY BROAD, Tredegar House, Bow Road, London, E.3.

Gift to Doctors

GRANTS TO DOCTORS under the Health Scheme are over-generous, and it is no surprise that the many who at first refused to join the scheme have now done so.

A doctor can claim seven guineas for every pregnant woman on his panel without having to give any treatment. He promptly puts her name on his book and can then forget her existence, knowing full well that the case will have been booked also by a State Registered Midwife, and that he will not be called on unless there are complications.

Just think of the number of expectant mothers there are in the country today, multiply it by seven, and the answer in guineas is yet another little gift to the doctors by the taxpayers.—MIDWIFE, Lancs. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Down the Drain

Mrs. M. Tuffs

WHY aren't screw-in sink plugs more easily available? I've yet to see a house fitted with one. A simple idea, and yet one which would save much irritation caused by plugs being displaced during washing, and good, soapy water escaping down the drain.—MRS. M. TUFFS, 27 Mickleton Drive, Evington, Leicester.

To Fit the Crime

A FEW DAYS AGO my husband found that his dressing-table drawer had been tampered with. Investigation showed the culprit to be our six-year-old son, and it transpired that he had "swopped" some of the contents with a friend.

My husband has punished the boy by stopping his sweets, pictures and ice-cream for a month. I thought at first that this was rather drastic, but now, thinking it over, I wonder if it's severe enough. Can the right punishment stop a boy from turning into a juvenile delinquent?—MRS. N. C., Nottingham. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Made Her Unhappy

I'VE JUST COME HOME from school and have seen a very cruel thing. A man with a lorry and some boxes of little chicks was giving a chick in a paper bag to each child who brought him a bundle of rags.

It is a bitterly cold day, the lids were off and the chicks were hopping around. I'm sure they will die very quickly. I feel very unhappy about it and I think it should be stopped.—JANET VINCENT (aged eleven), 19 East Street, Leighton Buzzard, Beds.

No Pity for Deserters . . .

Mr. A. Shaw

RICHARD COLLIER'S article, "Deserters Dare Not Surrender" (JOHN BULL, February 26) left me speechless.

No deserter is worthy of consideration — much less of pity. As a married man with two children, I served six years abroad. If 19,000 men had not deserted, perhaps I and other older men would not have been parted from our families for so long.

Rommel lost a battle through having 10,000 men taken prisoner. What would have happened to Britain if 10,000 R.A.F. pilots had deserted?

Deserters *should* be pursued and punished. They do not deserve the fruits of victory. — A. SHAW, 34 Norland Gardens, London, W.11.

. . . Many Deserve Free Pardon

WHAT OF THE HUNDREDS of thousands of moral deserters—those who through influence, fiddling or a quick change of job managed to dodge the call-up? I see no difference between the man who funked the issue in the first place and the man who decided he had had enough.

As one who served for nearly six years and saw plenty of action, I say let these branded men return to their homes. Many of them had done enough before they deserted to warrant a free pardon anyway. — EX-SAPPER, Bristol. (Full name and address enclosed.)

. . . A Deserter Writes

I WAS A DESERTER. I had the usual period on the run, exposure, and the inevitable court martial. Then I was left to rot for six months of a twelve months' sentence in a modern "Black Hole of Calcutta."

Although I entered detention allegedly grade A1, within two months of release I was sent to a military hospital for six months' treatment and finally discharged grade D. Now, at the age of forty, I am a physical wreck and pensionless.

The authorities do not examine deeply enough the reasons why men desert. Most deserters are convinced they are being unfairly treated. I was, for one. And I would do the same thing again if it killed me.—C. M., Coventry. (Full name and address enclosed.)

A Belgian Remembers

DURING THE WAR, I escaped from the Nazis and was welcomed in Britain. Now I am back in my own country, but I can never forget the kindness shown to me by British people, and I should like to repay it in a small way.

Not far from my home there are several cemeteries where thousands of British Servicemen are buried. Any relatives who wish to visit war graves will be welcome at my home, and I should be pleased if they would write to me. — G. BLANSAER, 12 Zilverenberg, Ghent, Belgium.

Let the Tribunal Know

YOUR CORRESPONDENT, "Homesick," Kent ("Free Speech," February 26), has a remedy if he is paying rent higher than that fixed by a tribunal for a previous tenant.

He should report the full facts to his tribunal. Then the local authority can institute proceedings.

Landlords who, without good reason, increase rents above the rate fixed by a tribunal are liable to a term of up to six months' imprisonment and a fine of up to £100.—TRIBUNAL CLERK. (Full name and address enclosed.)

Because of space shortage only a limited selection of the many readers' letters submitted can be printed. If your views are squeezed out, it does not mean that they have been overlooked by the Editor. For every letter used, John Bull pays one guinea. Letters should be marked "Free Speech" and carry the full name and address of sender for publication.

COVER BOY AND— HIS DOUBLE

So many people have called my attention to the remarkable resemblance of my little son Melvyn to the very lifelike boy on the cover of JOHN BULL, February 19 (painted by William Showell), that I have had a photograph taken of him in a similar position. Melvyn is four years of age and is a little more filled out than the boy in the painting—but so are our bulbs!—MRS. E. W. WAREHAM, 92 Longwood Gate, Longwood, Huddersfield.

Day I'll always remember

"That WAS an experience!" is a phrase most people use to describe some vivid event in their lives. Below is a reader's personal story. Others are invited and will be paid for if printed

ONE DAY LAST SUMMER, staying with friends, I volunteered to collect a self-propelling invalid chair which was being repaired four miles away.

Returning, I had to drag the chair behind me. Now I have always been curious about invalid chairs, wondering if they were difficult to handle. And when I came to a deserted stretch of road I decided to try for myself.

After several attempts (for the chair moved whenever I set foot in it), I managed to seat myself, and taking a lever in each hand started off. Soon, I was moving at a spanking pace and thoroughly enjoying myself, when a lorry driver shouted, "Keep in to the kerb."

It was only then that I realized I was steering all over the road. I tried to manoeuvre the thing on to the kerb, when a young man came by and gave me a lift.

"Take it easy, Ma," he said. "I'll give you a push for a bit."

I protested feebly: "Really, it's all right. I'm just trying it out."

"First time out in one, eh?" he said sympathetically. "Never mind, I expect you'll get used to it in time."

★

He was so nice and friendly that I was too embarrassed to tell him I was perfectly able to walk, so I just sat there while he pushed me along, chatting.

He left me at the village. Here there were too many people about for me to get out and walk, so, thoroughly hating the beastly carriage by this time, I steered it across the road to take a short cut along the canal towpath.

Here, I was sure there would be no one about, and I could get out.

But alas, I had forgotten the hump-backed bridge crossing the canal.

As the chair went down the steep incline, it gathered speed, the levers began working like pistons, and the wheels zig-zagged madly in every direction. Before I knew what was happening I was in the canal, chair and all.

A crowd gathered, and, to its astonishment, I dragged myself out and ran back to the house, while two men hauled out the wheel-chair.

It was an embarrassing episode that arose from my own not very tactful experiment. But it left me with a closer insight into the courage and trials of those with a genuine need for invalid chairs.—*Mrs. M. Coward, 17 Dam Lane, Croft, Warrington, Lancs.*

OH, JOHNNY!

by TIM

Ryvita and Marmalade

FOR BREAKFAST

★ get weaving on a **Weavemaster loom**

Turn spare time into spare cash! Weave coupon-free cloth at home on a Weavemaster loom and make useful articles such as curtains, ties, belts, scarves, runners, handbags, slippers, turbans, rugs and skirts! The Weavemaster is a replica of a real industrial loom. DIRECT FROM THE MAKERS—TAX FREE **39/6**

● *Other models for wider and more intricate weaving and the* RUGMASTER *for weaving carpets and rugs also available.*

To G. R. WOOD & CO. (Est. 1890), 206 Kensington Church St., London, W.8

FREE Send coupon for Weavemaster Home Weaving Brochure. J.B.1

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

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Weston's Dainty Fare

Such beguiling little biscuits! Their name aptly describes their nature, and anyone who can resist them must be very strong-minded indeed. Weston's Dainty Fare are not really plentiful yet, but they who ask are most likely to receive.

Weston's BISCUITS

KITCHEN COMMENTS by Mrs. P. DEE

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CUSTARD & JELLIES

CUSTARD POWDER · JELLIES · BAKING POWDER · BLANCMANGE POWDER
PEARCE DUFF & CO. LTD., SPA ROAD, LONDON, S.E.16.

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makes you FRESH IN EVERY PORE

A *LEVER* PRODUCT

LBT 679-1160

Pick a pack of SAXA

the pick of packet salt

Bouquet For The Teachers

LOOK at these school kiddies. Don't their bright, round faces remind you a little of a bouquet of flowers? And surely their rapt attention is a tribute to their teacher's skill in handling a big class.

By combining those thoughts in a few simple words, a Lancashire reader has just won a £500 *Bullets* cheque. He is thirty-six year old railway signalman B. Schofield, 71 Irwin Road, St. Helen's, brother of a schoolteacher and entrant of that striking effort: BOUQUET FOR TEACHER—FIFTY *Attentive, Happy* FACES.

"BULLETS" 1st PRIZE

£500

plus EASTER weekend in LONDON for TWO (Thursday, April 14, to Tuesday, April 19) including tour of London, seats at a First Division Football Match and stalls at the Palladium Theatre.

2nd Prize **£50** | 3rd Prize **£25**

2 of £10, 5 of £5, 10 of £2.10s.

100 5-lb. DUCKS for EASTER

3,000 "Good Shots"

BONUSES of "BULLETS" SEASONS

Each cash or Easter Duck prize for *Bullet* which was one of 25. entry of 4 efforts on single coupon (or plain-paper entry sheet) will be accompanied by a *Bullets* Season as Bonus.

"It was a great thrill to see the telegram boy coming up the path to my house on Friday," this First Prize-winner assured us. "And, with three young children of my own, I need not say how welcome my prize-money is."

Use your coupon below to enter the best effort of this contest and *your* reward for heading the *Bullets* class will be a £500 telegram inviting you to a thrilling free Easter Celebration in London for Two.

RULES 1. First Prize to best *Bullet* received, others in order of merit—the test is of cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Editor undertakes that all *Bullets* received shall be accorded careful consideration by competent Adjudicators.

3. As entry-fee, enclose P.O. or stamps as indicated on coupon. Fee submitted will be taken to cover *Bullets* in coupon order—any sent in excess will be disqualified. Plain-paper entries are allowed. If using P.O. make payable to JOHN BULL, cross /& Co./, write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Forces half-rate for *Bullets* and Crosswords for entry-fees not exceeding 2s. if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated.

4. Entries accepted by post only and on condition that results of this week's Contests in *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 16, and in JOHN BULL dated April 23, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding.

ADD 2, 3 or 4 WORDS to any of these "EXAMPLES"

To make a *Bullet*, add simply TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the *Examples* on right. To use an incomplete *Example*, first complete it with any one word in place of dotted line—then make *Bullet* as usual.

Cruel World	Policewoman Auntie
For The Government	With A Horsewhip
Home Of The Future	Gets Monotonous
Worth Remembering	When She's Looking
We Only Live Once, So	Shook Things Up
	Our Alfie
The Soviet Machine	DespiteWhat They Say
Learning	**Incomplete "Examples" —see instructions**
Speed Mania	Be Careful, Mr.....
Not The Same	Wants To Be.....
Thanks To The Scientist	Glutton For.....
A Square Meal	Hard On.....
Now And Then	.....Toothache
On The Quiet	What The Official.....

ANOTHER BIG HOLIDAY OFFER *in this "Bulletin"*

To get the help of *Bulletin* and *Gazette*, including extra winners for your guidance, enclose label below with your *Bullets* or Crossword entry this week.

NOTE.—You may enclose *Bullets* and Xword entries in same envelope, covered by single P.O. for combined entry-fee. Mark envelope "COMBINED," top left-hand corner.

POST ENTRY "BuLLets" 1,673 (or Xword 625) "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

BULLETIN LABEL

STICK 2½d. STAMP here to secure *Bulletin* and *Gazette* dated April 9. If this is your first specimen copy please mark × here

486

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

EXAMPLE ..... 6d.

BULLET

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

EX. ..... 6d.

B.

Fee: 6d. per *Bullet* on coupon or plain paper—see Bonus Offer above.

Closing Postmark, **1,673** MON., MAR. 28

I agree to Rules and enclose P.O. value .....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

4 BIG CHEQUES WON XWORD 620

WINNING WORDS. ACROSS: 1, Bungles. 4, Metal. 5, Bust. 6, Law. 8, Wines. 11, Vane. 12, Irate. 13, Boy. 14, Ruin. DOWN: 1, Beds. 2, Gabble. 3, Paper. 7, Sheep. 9, Ninny. 10, Brain.

FOUR £100 SHARERS: Miss E. M. Day, 15 Anglesey Road, Gosport, Hants; A. Nutley, 44 Alexandra Road, Frome, Somerset; Miss J. M. Pinfield, 35 Mancroft Road, Tettenhall, Staffs.; J. L. Sherman, 16 Welhurst Court, Carshalton Road, Sutton, Surrey. In addition each Winner receives Breakfast, Dinner and Tea Service.

Awards value £25 for Runners-up shared between 51 entrants.

"Bullets" Winners 1,668

FIRST PRIZE, £500: J. W. Leigh, 9 Strathaird Avenue, Walney, Barrow-in-Furness:

SICK OF IT ALL BUT SPRING'S "PRETTY NURSE"

SECOND PRIZE, £50: J. M. Trower, 50 Linwood Road, Tranmere, Birkenhead: SOUL OF MAN — WITHIN REACH — BEYOND RESEARCH.

THIRD PRIZE, £25: Mrs. V. Glazzard, c/o 11 Cyprus Park, Belfast: HUNGRY WORLD—HOLLOW-CHEEKED—FAT-HEADED.

OTHER AWARDS. £20: A. C. Dobbins, 13 Grove Street, Gloucester: ON THE DOTTED LINE—WHERE RUSSIA'S "FIST" *Wanted*. £18: Mrs. F. Rayner, 42 Castle Street, Stoke-under-Ham, Som.: WOULDN'T TROUBLE ANYBODY—GRANDPA—SO *Fell* DOWNSTAIRS! £16: H. Wilson, Wellfield House West, Todmorden: GREEN PASTURES—YIELDING "DAILY HARVEST," PARKS. £14: F. R. Smith, "Highfield," Oliver's Battery, Winchester: GLORIFIED PUDDLES — OCEANS TODAY—"PEBBLES," FORTIFICATIONS. £12: W. Whitaker, 65 Conway Road, Treorchy, Glam.: STALIN AND CO.—KNEW TYRANNY—*New* TYRANNY! £10: Mrs. A. Llewellyn, c/o 30 Queens Road, Felixstowe: HUNGRY WORLD—MAKING STRACHEY CHEW PENCIL! £10: Mrs. N. Raye, c/o 68 Edgedale Road, Sheffield, 7: STALIN AND CO.—PREVENTING "WORLD AND SONS."

For ten winners of £2 10s., see last week's "*Bullets*" *Bulletin*. Supplies limited, so apply immediately on 2d. stamped postcard addressed: Result 1,668, *Bulletin* Dept., 1 Slingsby Place, London, W.C.2.

All prizes have been posted, including 50 of £1 and 3,000 new "Good Shot" Awards.

CASH, FOOD and NEW XWORD PRIZES

FIRST PRIZE £100

(Winner's telegram Friday, April 8)

AWARDS VALUE £25 Amongst 1st Runners-up

NEW PRIZES —unlimited "Signpost" Awards for 2nd Runners-up.

FOOD PARCELS —a 14-lb. collection of foodstuffs with all prizes value £1 and over.

FIRST complete Square in INK, giving your Answers to Clues below. Then, if you wish to enter one extra Answer to any *one*, *two* or *three* Clues, give each such word in full in "Extra Answer" Form below Crossword Square.

Across Clues XWORD 625

1. May occasionally be responsible for criminals breaking out again
3. A man's this may well give boss feeling of confidence in him
4. One can pay too much for this in a political party
9. Men have been known to be attacked furiously in
11. A shrewd teacher will know what is a pupil's this
12. Most sailors know what is meant by this
13. Very often converge on city or big town

Down Clues

1. Fire makes one shine
2. Pony is hardly big enough to clear heavy one
3. One is often predicted correctly
5. Should be put away in a safe place
6. Elevation of, is of supreme importance
7. Morbid, bitter type of fellow is more likely to have a quarrel with
8. These occasionally form a barrier
10. Boy isn't likely to get this at school without deserving it

WIN A CHEQUE AND 14-lb. FOOD PARCEL!

1F	I	2L		S		3G	R	I		
E	G	O		4P		A	C	E		
N		A	G	E						
				C	5L	E	A	V	E	
E	6M		7				M	E		
R	A	G	I	N	G			R	8R	
			F			9	A	G	E	
10		11B	E		T		N	E	E	
A	D	O			O	R	T			
12P	O	O		625	13R	A	I		S	

In adjudication, all Extra Answers will be read in combination with each other and with all Answers in your Square. Thus your completed Square with one extra Answer to *one* Clue will represent *two* full Squares (Entry-fee 6d.), Square with one extra Answer to *two* Clues will represent *four* full Squares (Entry-fee 1s.), and Square with one extra Answer to *three* Clues will represent *eight* full Squares (Entry-fee 2s.). Use ink, not pencil. Single Square with 6d. P.O. or stamps covers dispatch to you. of *Crossword Gazette* dated April 9.

Winner—sender of most meritorious set of Answers received—decided by Adjudication Committee on basis of aptness and accuracy. Ties divide. Entrants limited to one prize per Contest and to entry requiring not more than 4s. entry-fee. Signature below is agreement to Rules.

CLUE	EXTRA ANSWER	Total Fee
No.		6d.
No.		1s.
No.		2s.

(Total fee shown includes entry on Square)

625 Closing Postmark MON., MAR. 28

I enclose P.O. value....

No. .....

Signed .....

Address .....

Write to John Bull About It

John Bull's expert advisers help to solve readers' personal problems. Answers on points of general interest are published each week

A Boy's Best Friend . . .

E. M. (Orpington): You say you feel the State is depriving you of your "rights" over your young children. Do you think this is really true? In spite of school meals and medical services—and most parents consider these big assets—the fact remains that parents have a far greater influence on their children than teachers. The results of a recent questionnaire are interesting. They show that the biggest influence on a boy is often a friend of his own age. Then comes his mother, and the father third. Teachers, club leaders and clergy are among the "also ran."

National Insurance Cards

H. W. (Portsmouth): When handing a stamped insurance card to the local National Insurance Office you can ask for a receipt. There is no need for a record card.

Plastic Dentures

O. W. (Taunton): General Dental Services Fees Regulations make it perfectly clear that plastic dentures *are* included in the National Health Service. A patient informed that this type of denture is not included should bring the matter to the notice of the local executive council, the address of which can be obtained at any post office.

Wife's Pension

E. S. (Christchurch): Whether she has paid her own contributions or not, a married woman's old age pension is not treated as "wife's earned income." The special income tax exemptions on the earnings of a married woman do not apply here. The pension—treated as earned income—is subject to deduction of one-fifth for 1948/49, and must be added to the husband's income for income tax assessment.

Misnomer

B. R. (East Ham): A gratuity of £1 for each full year of service was payable, under certain conditions, to all Regulars with more than three years' service with the Colours. For some obscure reason the grant came to be known as "the N.A.A.F.I. gratuity," a gratuity which has no real existence.

Fares to School

R. C. (Chesterfield): Under Section 55 of the 1944 Education Act, Local Education Authorities must either provide transport to take children to and from school or pay the necessary travelling expenses. But this does not cover children under eight years living within two miles of their school, or those over eight living within three miles. They must walk or the parents pay their fares.

Our team of experts will solve your queries (except medical) if you send them to the John Bull Free Advice Service, 186 High Holborn, London, W.C.1. Domestic problems to "Humanist," at same address. Stamped envelope for reply, please.

John Bull's Free Insurance

Registered readers are reminded that in order to remain qualified for benefits they must re-register if they change their address or newsagent. Forms for this purpose can be obtained from "JOHN BULL" Insurance Department, 128 Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

GOT A COLD coming?

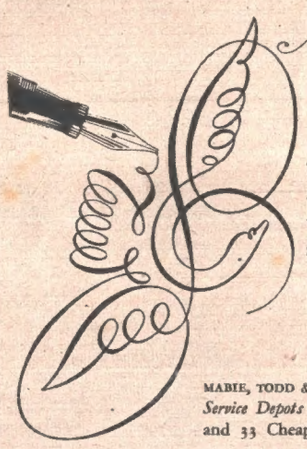
You know the signs — dry throat, stuffy feeling in the nose, and those all too familiar aches and pains. Don't wait for the first sneeze; take a hot mustard bath as soon as you feel a cold coming on.

It's so easy. Every home has a tin of mustard, or should have, and one or two tablespoonfuls added to an ordinary hot bath will do the trick. The best way is to mix the mustard in a cup with cold or tepid water, then stir the mixture round in the bath.

The action of the mustard bath is to assist in keeping the body warm and help nature throw off the cold. It's a well-tried, homely treatment, no trouble to prepare, costs next to nothing, and leaves you with a delicious feeling of well-being.

Next time you feel a cold coming remember, ten minutes in a mustard bath may save you several days in bed — and lastly, be careful to keep warm after you've taken your mustard bath.

Copy of 'Medicinal Uses of Mustard' sent on receipt of 2½d. stamp. Dept. HM 92, J. & J. Colman, Norwich.



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You can make barley water at home very easily, very quickly and very cheaply from Robinson's 'Patent' Barley packed in tins. No long stewing and straining—it's as simple as making cocoa. And remember a 1-lb. tin makes 192 glasses!

Robinson's 'Patent' BARLEY

For Free Sample send 2½d. to cover postage & packing to Dept. HM.179, Carrow Works, Norwich.

CVS-179

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WATCH YOUR COMB! Falling hair means starving hair, first step to baldness. It is nature's warning that your bodily supplies of hair foods are running low. Be warned in time. That hair can be saved. Saved by Silvikrin.

Silvikrin contains the foods your hair is dying for—Cystine, Tyrosine, Tryptophane and other vital elements. For severe dandruff or loss of hair use Pure Silvikrin.

Use Pure Silvikrin in severe cases of dandruff and falling hair. As a daily dressing use Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion—or, for dry heads, the new Silvikrin Hair Tonic Lotion with Oil.

Silvikrin

THE HAIR'S NATURAL FOOD

20/8/U

Feel better every day in every way

Your low spirits, listlessness and indifferent health may be due to *unsuspected* poorness of blood. So take a course of IRON JELLOIDS and you will soon begin to feel better every day in every way. You will feel brighter and have more energy, and your skin, eyes and hair will reflect your better health and vitality. Of all chemists, 1/6 & 3/8 inc. tax.

Iron Jelloids

The Reliable Blood-builder and Tonic

The Iron Jelloid Co Ltd Watford Herts

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Someone's mighty proud of his brilliant new Hercules

Every time a new Hercules takes the road, it is the centre of admiration because of its superb design and brilliant finish, with high-lustre chromium plating. Whether you choose a model in gold-lined black or any one of the new colours, you'll be truly proud to own a Hercules.

Please see your local dealer.

Hercules

The Finest Bicycle Built To-day

THE HERCULES CYCLE & MOTOR CO. LTD., ASTON, BIRMINGHAM

Dingy, clinging film, *alive with harmful bacteria, forms from saliva and food-debris, clouds the shining beauty of your smile, and may pit precious tooth-enamel and lead to decay. Only Pepsodent contains Irium, which kills clinging film, leaves teeth* gleaming-white.

FILM ON TEETH CAN BE DANGEROUS

The clinging, dulling film that clouds the whiteness of your smile is *hard to shift*. It is active with acid-forming bacteria that can pit delicate tooth-enamel. If left, film can form damaging tartar that only your dentist can remove. *Mere scrubbing will not deal with it effectively.*

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Brush your teeth with Pepsodent (after meals if you can, *twice daily at least*) and visit your dentist twice a year, for sparkling white teeth that will last.

NEW! Pepsodent's new foaminess and mintiness make tooth-cleaning a joy. Try Pepsodent for yourself, and see how after just one week the Irium in it makes your teeth gleam, your mouth feel always beautifully fresh.

THE IRIUM IN **Pepsodent**

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